

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

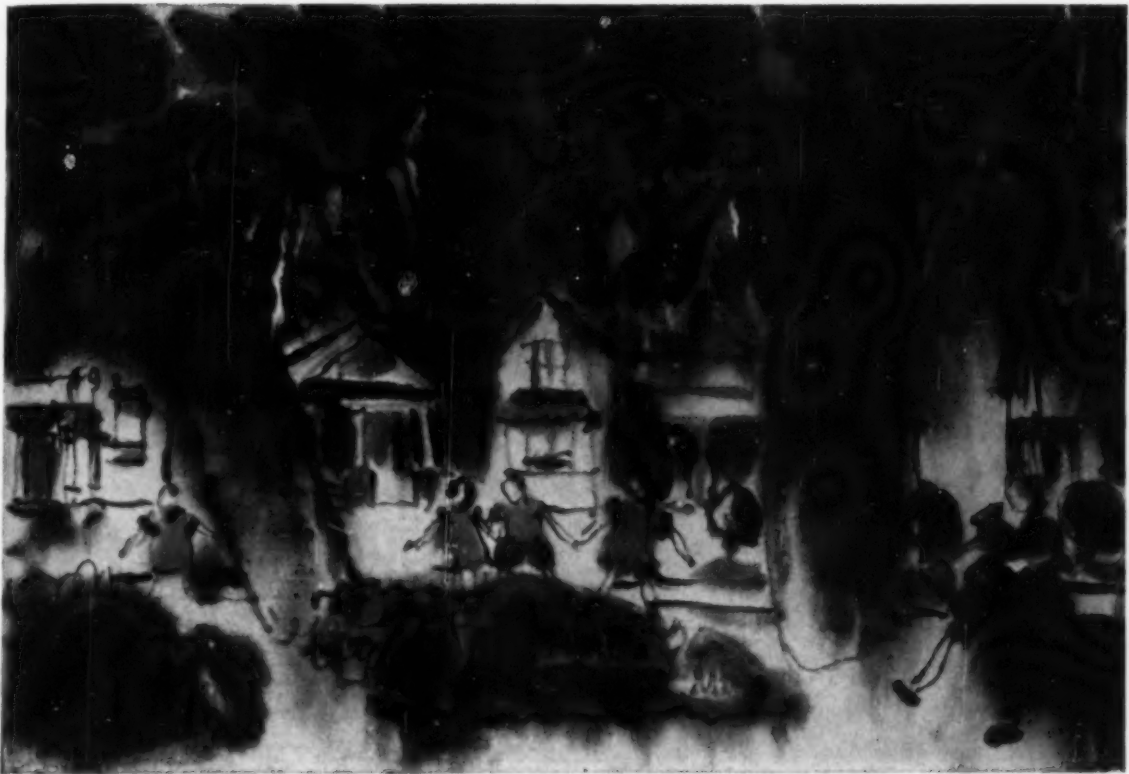
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"Rites of Autumn" by David Milne

From the collection of the National Gallery of Canada

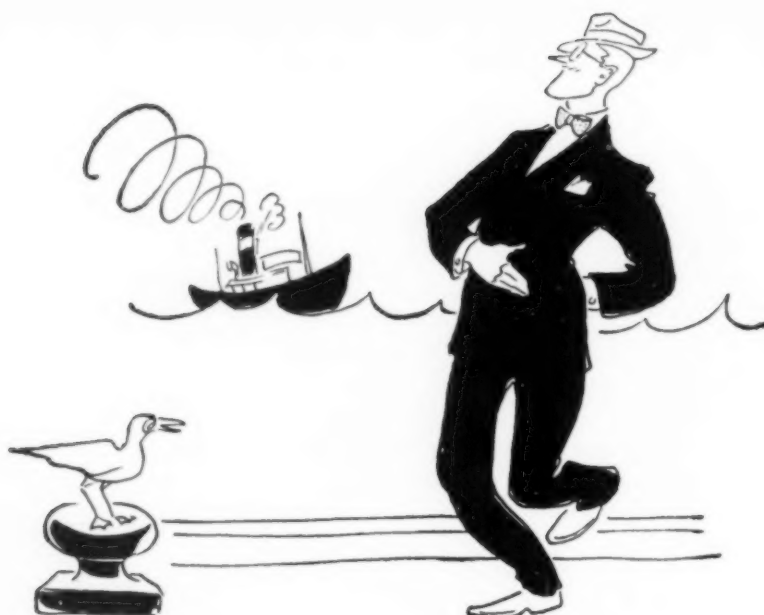
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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

INTERNATIONAL SHORTWAVE BROADCASTING IN CANADA

DAVID MILNE

PETER POND



Mr. Tradewell's ship is in!

(A SIMPLE TALE TO SHOW HOW BANK CREDIT WORKS)

THAT JAUNTY hornpipe means his whole year's supply of molasses has arrived from the West Indies . . . in good time, at a favourable price.

Quite a change from Mr. Tradewell's earlier days in the wholesale grocery business, when he bought his molasses month to month . . . in small quantities . . . and didn't do so well with it. Now he buys in bulk . . . barrels of it . . . and cuts his cost par gallon.

Of course this takes *ready cash*—often more than he has on hand at the moment. So he borrows what he needs from the Royal Bank. When the molasses is sold, he pays off the loan.

This is a simple example of how bank

credit works . . . how by making working capital available it opens the door for enterprises large and small when opportunity knocks.

WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS MAY BORROW?

The answer is *any* kind—large or small—provided it's a sound business. Some of the Royal Bank's most valued customers are anything but "big". Among our larger accounts are many which have grown from small beginnings through the help of bank credit. This service is at *your* disposal, too. Your local Royal Bank Manager will be glad to talk it over with you, any time you say.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

Published monthly by
THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

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Editor - GORDON M. DALLYN

This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustrations, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.



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by DAVID MILNE

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From the collection of the National Gallery of Canada

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Prince Edward Island

by LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

THE MICMACS called it Abegweit; to the French it was Isle St. Jean; and, at about the end of the eighteenth century, it was given the name it still bears, Prince Edward Island. For a short time it bore the name of New Ireland; while, in the exuberant language of publicity, it has had to live up to such flowery titles as "The Garden of the Gulf". To its own people, however, it has always been *The Island*. As they happily put it, "What other Island is there?"

There are several ways of reaching the Island. You may fly from Moncton to Charlottetown; or take the ferry from Cape Tormentine, on the New Brunswick side of the Strait of Northumberland, to Port Borden; or another ferry from Caribou, near Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Wood Island, P.E.I. When I first visited Prince Edward Island, many years ago, we travelled on a little wood-burning train from a junction point on the main line of the Intercolonial Railway down to Shediac and Pointe du Chene, and by ferry over the Strait to Summerside. From there we rambled through the charming countryside, at a leisurely pace, on a narrow-gauge railway that seemed designed to get the maximum mileage out of the distance between any two points, and at last landed in Charlottetown. Since then some of the kinks have been taken out of the track, which is now standard gauge, and the distance from the ferry is less; but, alas, the speed of the Island trains leaves much to be desired, and travellers whose time is limited, and who wish to spend as much of it as possible on the beaches, are strongly recommended to fly from Moncton.

At the time of my early visit automobiles were still in their infancy, and there were

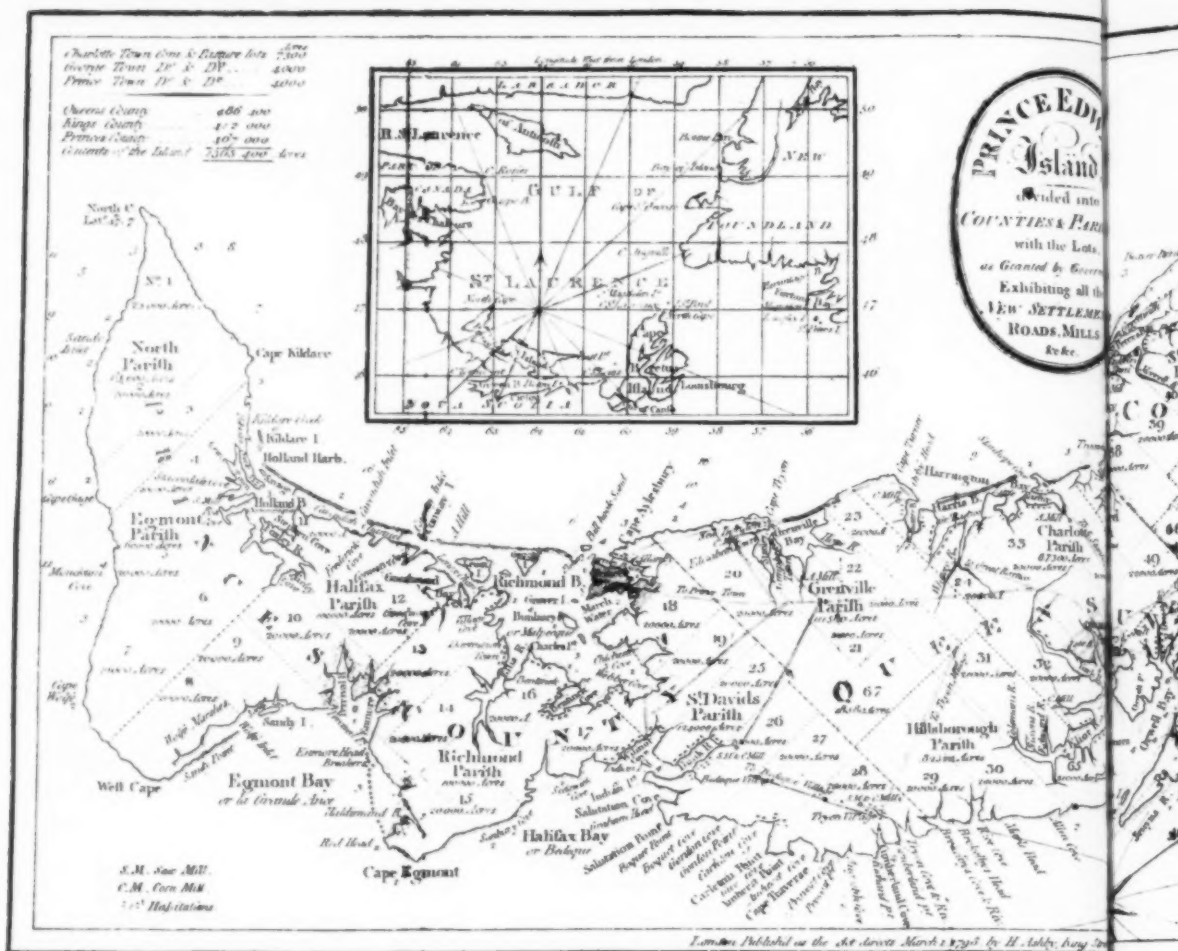
none on the Island. The dirt roads, in fact, were too narrow for cars, and it took some years to persuade either the farmers or their horses to tolerate those noisy, smelly contraptions. Today all that is changed. The roads are wider and better, many of them excellent paved highways. One may now travel in reasonable comfort, either by rail or road, from one end of the Island to the other, from Souris to Tignish.

As we are visitors from the mainland, like the "foreign" mail, and are planning to see as much of the Island as time will permit, an excellent plan is to sit down for a while with a large-scale map, and get a general picture of one of the easternmost provinces of the Dominion. The first thing that strikes one is that the publicity writers appear to have missed an obvious and alluring name. There the Island swings in the segment of a circle in the Gulf, from North Cape around



Left:—One of the survivors of the days when the wooden ships of the Island sailed out into the Seven Seas.

Right:—Jacques Cartier



to East Point, like the moon in its first quarter—"Land of the Crescent"!

The north coast facing the Gulf is, for the most part, a succession of smooth sand beaches, broken every so often by a bay, each equipped with an alluring name—Cascumpeque, Malpeque, New London, Rustico, Tracadie, Savage Harbour, St. Peter's Bay, Surveyor's Inlet. The south coast is more rugged, and its bays more numerous and irregular. In some cases the north and south bays approach so nearly—as in the case of Malpeque and Bedeque, Bedford and Hillsborough—that only a comparatively narrow neck of land separates them. Of the beaches, the better known on the north shore are Cavendish, Brackley, Stanhope and Dalvay, and on the south shore, Souris and Keppoch.

The map suggests many episodes and associations, such as Jacques Cartier's land-fall at Cape Kildare, the sea-cows of North Cape, the first fox farm in Cascumpeque, the oyster beds of Malpeque, the wreck of the *Marco Polo* at Cape Cavendish; and, on the south shore, the founding of Port la Joie, Captain Marryat's visit to Fortune Bay, the plague of field mice at Souris, the ambitious dreams of Jean Pierre Roma, the Selkirk settlers at Belfast, the birth of Charlottetown. Let us look into these and other matters, as we ramble about the Island, not forgetting that there are some things that no map can reveal, such as the charming blending of colour in its landscape—the red earth, green fields, white birches, and blue sea; and, above all, the sight, smell and sound of the sea.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Prince Edward Island from a map published in London in 1798



With this very general glance at the map, let us make our way to Tignish, and from there to Cape Kildare, originally named Cap d'Orleans by Cartier in 1534. This "very fine headland", as the explorer calls it, was first seen by white men, so far as we know, towards the end of June of that year. Cartier goes on to say:

"We went ashore in our longboats at several places, and among others at a fine river of little depth, where we caught sight of some Indians in their canoes who were crossing the river. But we had no further acquaintance with the savages as the wind came up off the sea, and drove upon the shore, so that we deemed it advisable to go back with our longboats to the ships."

This first meeting with the Micmacs appears to have been at the opening to

Cascumpeque Bay, five miles south of Kildare. Cartier seems to have been more favourably impressed with the Micmacs than with the Indians he saw on the Labrador Coast. As they sailed along the coast toward North Cape, which he called Indian Point, they again saw Micmacs.

"At this cape a man came in sight who ran after our longboats along the coast, making frequent signs to us to return towards the said point. And seeing these signs we began to row towards him, but when he saw that we were returning, he started to run away and to flee before us. We landed opposite to him and placed a knife and a woollen girdle on a branch, and then returned to our ships . . . We landed that day in four places to see the trees which are wonderfully beautiful and very fragrant. We discovered that there were cedars, yew-trees, pines, white elms, ash trees, willows and others, many of them unknown to us and all trees without fruit. The soil where there are no trees is also very rich and is covered with pease, white and red gooseberry bushes, strawberries, raspberries and wild oats like rye, which one would say had been sown there and tilled. It is the best-tempered region one can possibly see and the heat is considerable. There are many turtle-doves, wood-pigeons and other birds. Nothing is wanting but harbours."

This first description of Prince Edward Island is one of which no Islander need feel ashamed: fragrant trees, a rich soil, refreshing berries on a hot day, and natives filled with an engaging modesty. Nothing was wanting but harbours, and harbours are still wanting on the north shore. On the other hand, if Cartier and his men had not been in a hurry, they would have found the sea-bathing altogether admirable.

While we are with Cartier, it may be well to remember that at one time the discovery of Prince Edward Island was credited, by the first historian of the colony, to an even earlier adventurer. In his *Account of Prince*

Edward Island, published in 1806, John Stewart says:

"This Island was first discovered by the English Navigator, Cabot, in 1497, June 24, from which circumstance it took the name of St. John; from the abstract of his voyage published in Lediard's Naval Chronicle, it appears to have been the first land he met with after leaving Newfoundland, it was probably foggy weather when he entered the Gulph of St. Lawrence, or he must have seen the Island of Cape Breton . . . No claim to the Island in consequence of the discovery seems to have been made by the English Government of that day; upon the establishment of the French in Canada it was claimed by them as within the limits of New France."

Substantially the same claim to the discovery of the Island by John Cabot was made by Duncan Campbell, nearly half a century later, in his *History of Prince Edward Island*. Stewart's statement is so circumstantial, even to the precise day when the discovery was made, that it is not surprising the theory of a Cabot landfall survived for half a century—although there was little or no foundation for it, no journal or log or letter of John Cabot having survived.

Of the 258 Micmacs living on the Island in 1941, some, in all probability, are descended from the Indians seen by Cartier on Cascumpeque Bay a little over four centuries ago. They were then, as they are today, members of the important tribe occupying a considerable part of the Maritime Provinces, some of whom traded with Cartier on Chaleur Bay. Membertou, a renowned chieftain of the Micmacs, was the staunch friend of Lescarbot, Poutrincourt and Champlain at Port Royal; and many of the charming legends of the tribe have come down to us, the exploits of the great god Glooscap playing a prominent part in some of them. Of Indian origin, also, are such familiar place names as Bedeque, from a Micmac word meaning "hot place", Malpeque, meaning "large bay", Tracadie, site of a "camping ground", and Abegweit, "cradled in the sea". Long association with the white race seems, on the whole, to have

wiped out most of the finer qualities of the native race, and given little in place of them.

Mr. Justice Arsenault, whose family traces its descent to one of the first settlers on Isle St. Jean, and who takes a deep interest in the welfare of these somewhat unfortunate descendants of the original inhabitants, has put forward a sound plan for a reserve on Lennox Island, in Malpeque Bay, on which the now scattered Micmacs of Prince Edward Island might be settled under the sympathetic control of competent agents, and encouraged to develop such trades and handicrafts as they may be capable of learning. It is hoped that favourable consideration may be given to this plan by the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources at Ottawa.

The north point of the Crescent Province has other associations. Between 1770 and 1775, according to John Stewart, the early historian who has already been quoted in another connection, the sea-cow (known to us as the walrus):

"was found in great numbers on the north coast of this Island, but they have now", he writes in 1806, "become very scarce, and are seldom seen on shore. They were annually caught in considerable numbers near the north point of the Island; at that time Governor Patterson assumed the right of granting the sea-cow fishery, as it was called, by an annual license . . . These animals were accustomed to resort to one or two particular spots near the north cape, and several hundreds would sometimes go on shore at once; they were left undisturbed until the wind blew off the land, when the people got between them and the sea, and probed those that were next to them with sticks, whose points were brought nearly to the same degree of sharpness as the large tusks of those animals; this set them in motion towards the woods, and they probed on those that were before them, and the whole flock, said sometimes to exceed three hundred, were soon in motion and proceeded into the woods, where they were easily killed with long spears."

It is, of course, a tragic scene, but, nevertheless, there is something irresistibly comic,

to any one who has seen a walrus, in the picture of several hundreds of these ponderous creatures "proceeding into the woods". One is reminded of Alice's "Wonderland" friends, the Walrus and the Carpenter.

Casumpeque Bay has much later memories than those of Jacques Cartier and the timid Micmacs. Here, on an island, Charles Dalton, of Tignish, some years ago, started a new industry—the breeding of black and silver (and, more recently, platinum) foxes in captivity. Before long he was selling pairs of foxes to other Islanders for fabulous prices, and they, in turn, as nature took its course, sold young foxes to others, and they again to others, until the novel business spread like wildfire over the Island and across the strait to the mainland. Fox furs were fashionable and brought good prices, as they do still—though not, perhaps, to anything like the extent enjoyed by Dalton at the beginning. It is worth remembering that Dalton, who represented Prince County in the provincial legislature for five years, and was Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island from 1930 to his death in 1933, gave very generously to the hospitals and schools of his native province.

Driving along the coast, always marked with points of interest, varied and picturesque scenery, romantic or historical associations, we come to another famous bay, sometimes known as Malpeque, sometimes as Richmond. Helen Jean Champion, who has written an entertaining account of her journey up and down Abegweit in *Over on the Island*, notes that in Princetown, or Malpeque, once stood the Council House of the Micmacs, and that the first English-speaking settlers were named Montgomery. They came out in 1769 in a ship bound for Quebec, and when the vessel sailed into the port of Malpeque to fill its water casks, some of the Montgomeries were so pleased with the place that they stayed and made a home among the Acadians.

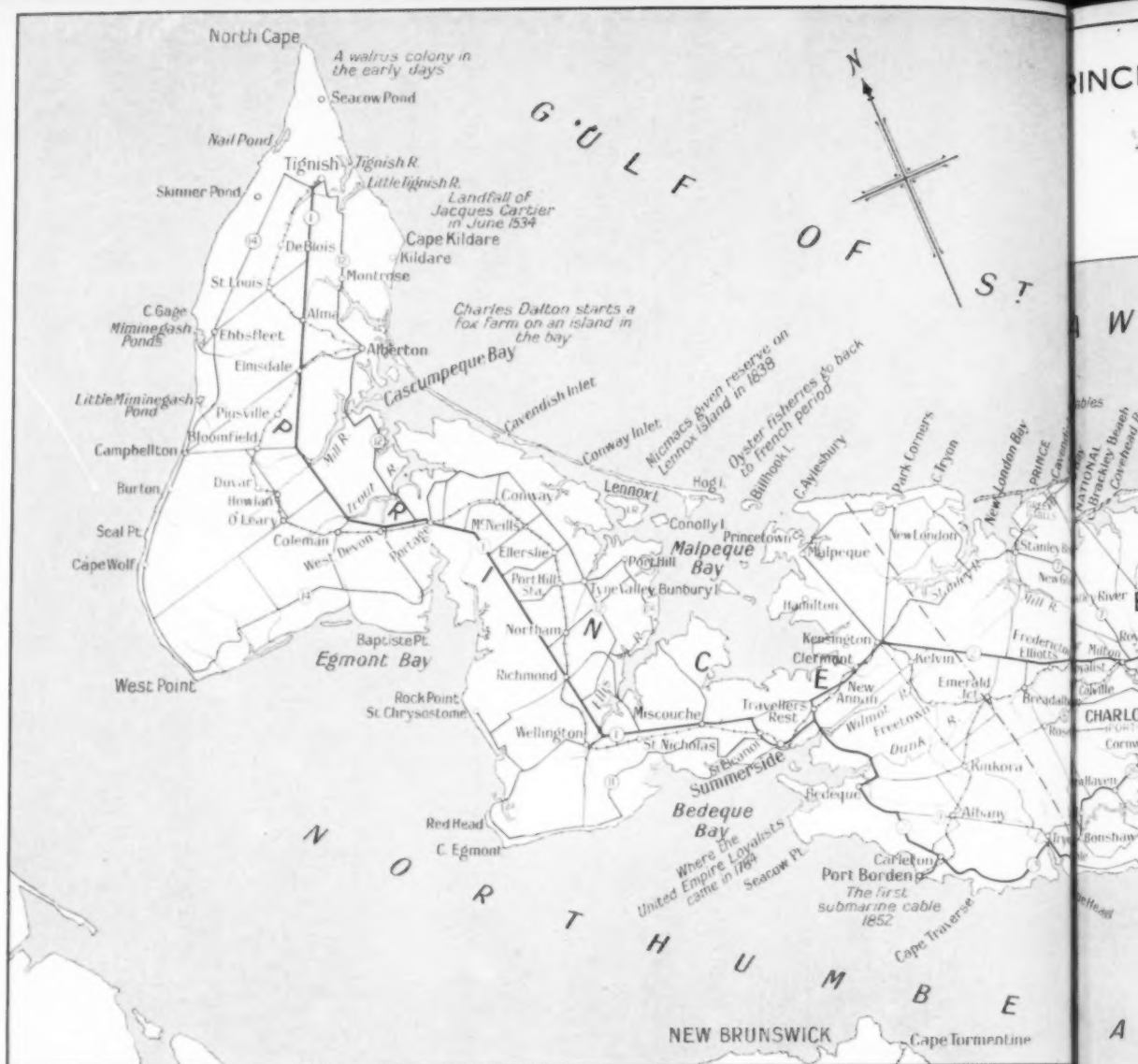
Sundial near Sailor's Hope, placed there by the American actress, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and the dramatist, David Belasco, to the memory of an actor friend, C. P. Flockton.

Malpeque Bay and the country round about has been Acadian territory from the early days of French occupation. Then, as today, some of the men harvested the land and others the sea. It is regrettable, however, to have to record that the Acadian farmers put the oyster of Malpeque—the world's most perfect oyster—to the lowly, though necessary, use of a fertilizer. John Stewart tells us that in his day, the early years of the nineteenth century, oysters were:

"in great plenty in all the harbours on the Island; in some places beds of them of several acres extent may be found; most of the lime hitherto used in the Island has been burnt from their shells, and it is commonly the practice to burn the live oysters for that purpose, putting many hundred barrels of them in a kiln together."

What makes the practice all the more reprehensible is that, even in Stewart's day, the oysters of the Island "were preferred to any other American oyster by all Europeans who have eaten them". It is enough to make all living epicures grind their teeth, and all dead epicures turn restlessly in their graves. Need one add that eminent statesmen in Ottawa prize their membership in the Rideau





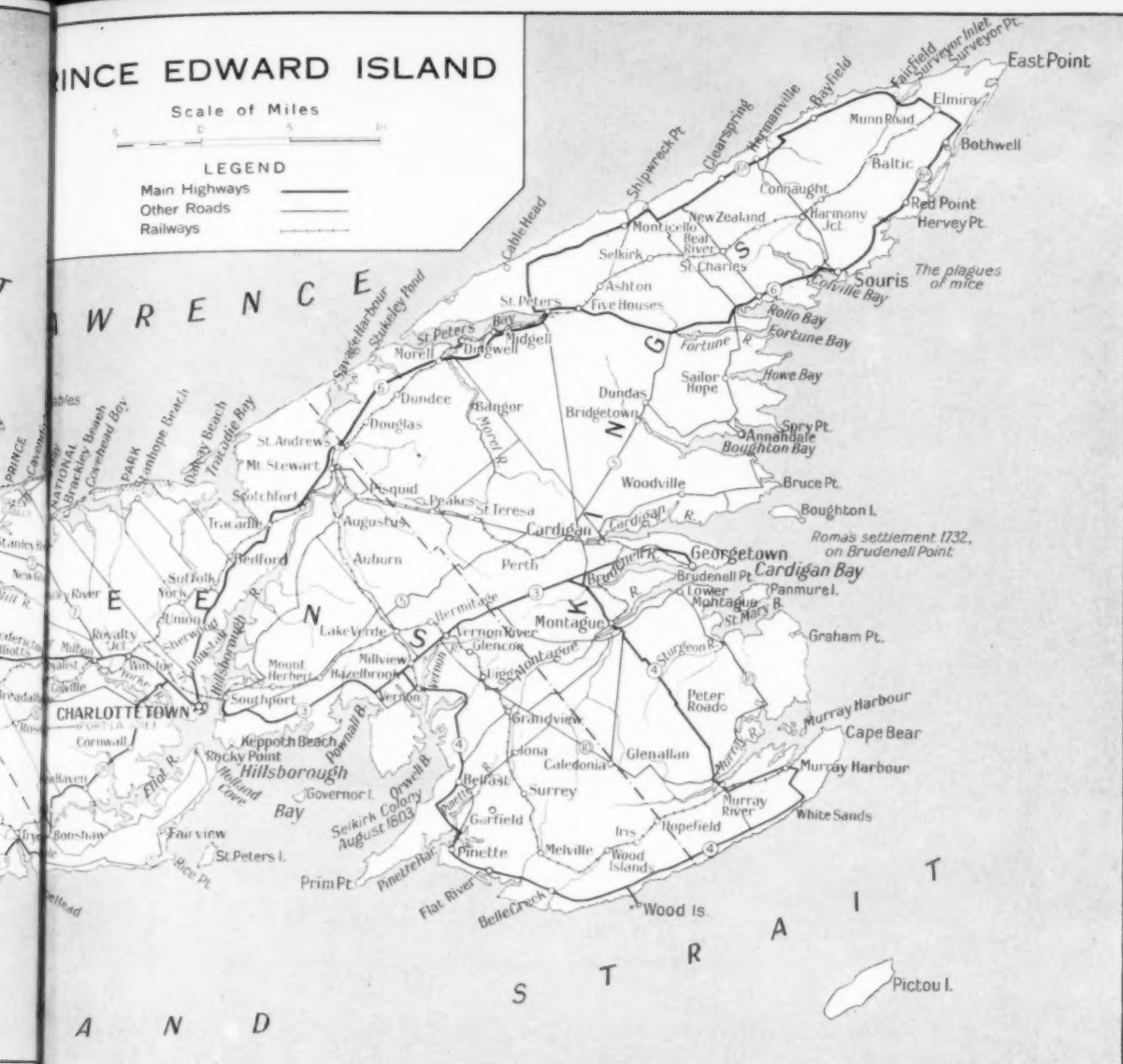
Club, not because it is exclusive, but because it happens to be one of the few places where a man may still be served with Malpeque oysters.

It may be noted here that the preservation and cultivation of the oyster, the lobster, and the fisheries of Prince Edward Island are competently taken care of by field officers of the Federal Department of Fisheries.

In our rambling journey around the inner coast of the crescent, between Cascumpeque and Malpeque, we find Cavendish, the "Anne of Green Gables" country, the summer resort that has everything except a hotel. Where could one find a more attractive place in which to rest from labour? Cavendish, in one of Canada's National Parks, has a

particularly fine beach, with surf bathing; a first-class 18-hole golf course, combining the attractions of an inland course in perfect rolling country and a seaside course among the sand dunes with the sea as a background; as well as the romantic atmosphere of a picturesque countryside associated with the always popular tales about Anne of Green Gables. Any one of these advantages, in the United States, would be felt to justify the provision of an adequate summer hotel as a perfectly sound investment. Why are our people so short-sighted?

And if you would have still other romantic associations, take the story of the *Marco Polo*, famous clipper ship, built in Saint John, New Brunswick, in 1850, and wrecked



Canadian Geographical Journal map

off Cavendish Capes in August, 1883. Frederick William Wallace tells the tale of this "fastest ship in the world", in her day, in his book, fascinating to all lovers of sailing vessels, entitled *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

On her first long voyage, from Liverpool to Australia, under the command of the famous sea captain, "Bully" Forbes, the *Marco Polo* beat the steamer *Australia* by a week, making the passage in 68 days. Her best day's run was 364 miles. The return passage was made in 76 days, "and the shipping world was astounded". Forbes afterwards commanded the clipper ship *Lightning*, built by Donald McKay, who had been born and brought up in Shelburne, Nova Scotia. How great was the renown of

his earlier command was made evident by the inscription on Forbes' tombstone in Liverpool, "Master of the famous *Marco Polo*". And the latter, in August, 1883 "was caught in a Gulf of St. Lawrence gale and piled up at Cape Cavendish, resting her bones on the shores of her 'ain countree' after 32 years of making history and world wandering".

Tracadie is associated not only with the Acadians—who at Pisquid and St. Louis (now Scotchfort), as well as at Malpeque, Bedeque and Crapaud, near Tryon on the south shore, lived on cultivated farms and carried on the tradition of diking the salt marshes, before the British took over the Island—but also with the earliest Scottish settlement. In 1772



Harvest time on Cardigan Farm

C.N.R. photo

Captain John McDonald of Glenaladale led a party of Scottish Roman Catholics from Glencoe to Prince Edward Island, and planted his colony among the Acadians at Tracadie. When their ship first sailed into Tracadie Bay, which there takes the form of a sickle, a brisk breeze was blowing off the sea and the surf broke gaily on the shore. Gazing eagerly at this entrance to their new home, the men exclaimed "*Corran Ban*", the "White Sickle"—and *Corran Ban* it is to this day.

Sir William Macdonald, who never smoked but made a fortune out of tobacco, and gave much of this fortune to McGill University, was born on the Island, a descendant of Captain McDonald.

Ship-building flourished in many of the bays on both the north and south coasts of the Island. Out of the harbour of New Glas-

gow, situated (like the more famous Glasgow) on the Clyde, "sailed the first Canadian ship to go directly from any port of Canada to New Zealand". Other shipping associations of Prince Edward Island were the visit in 1833 of the *Royal William*, the Canadian steamer that had the distinction of being the first to cross the Atlantic entirely under steam; and the sailing of the *Fanny* from Charlottetown in 1849—that momentous year—with Islanders bound for the California gold-fields.

And so along the north shore, to Rustico, a typical fishing village that probably has delighted the hearts of many painters; to St. Peters, where fishing has been the occupation of the community for a couple of centuries; to East Point, appropriately named by the Micmacs *Kespe-menegek*, or "end of an island". Then back to



A section of Hunter River valley between Charlottetown and Summerside

Herald photo

the railway at Souris, whose name suggests the three plagues of mice in 1724, 1728 and 1738 (one of which visitations is said to have been so complete that the mice ate every living plant).

Memories of other days and other ways linger at this eastern end of the Island. There were Irish settlers here many years ago, and that popular writer of boys' books of the early half of the last century, Captain Marryat, used a tragic incident in Island history in his first book, *Frank Mildmay*. A rascally steward of one of the large estates, Edward Abell, goads a settler named Patrick Pearce so constantly and so viciously that at last Pearce boils over and stabs him fatally with a bayonet. This happened near Sailor's Hope, where also, as Miss Champion reminds us, a sundial stands that was put there by Mrs. Leslie Carter and David Belasco,

to the memory of an actor friend of theirs, C. P. Flockton. Flockton, incidentally, delighted to tell the story of Abell and Pearce, and how Pearce escaped punishment because the sympathy of his neighbours, who knew the facts, was all with him.

As we travel along the south coast from Souris toward Charlottetown, we come to a bay into which flow three rivers, the Brudenell, the Montague and the Cardigan. In 1731 Louis XV had granted lands drained by these three streams to four men, of whom the only one worth remembering is Jean Pierre de Roma. The other three were interested only in profits of the fisheries. Roma, energetic, impatient of control, unpopular with his selfish associates, full of bright ideas that were sometimes in advance of his age and place, pushed his projects with such determined vigour that he might have succeeded



Glimpses of Prince Edward Island National Park. Dalway Beach and Green Gables Golf Links.
C.P.A. and C.N.R. photos



in at least some of them if the dice of fate had not been loaded against him. One of his minor schemes was to establish a brewery at Trois Rivières (Brudenell Point) for brewing beer from the excellent barley that grew upon his cleared lands. He proposed to ship his beer to the French West Indies, and bring back to his Island settlement the sugars and coffees of Martinique. To further this scheme he demanded that the Company of the East send him bottle-makers from France. And his associates told him angrily that he was quite mad. In 1745 a raiding party from New England destroyed the buildings that had been put up with such care, and carried off his livestock. All that remains today is "a solitary depression in the level surface of Brudenell Point" to remind us of one who, long ago, dreamed ambitious dreams that came to naught.

On we go to Prim Point, that guards one side of the wide entrance to Hillsborough Bay. Here another dreamer started another colony seventy-two years later. Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, who later was to plant a settlement on the banks of the Red River that would grow up into the Province of Manitoba, made his first experiment in colonization at Belfast, on the peninsula that runs up to Prim Point. This was in 1803. Benjamin Bremner, in *Tales of Abegweit*, quotes a writer who visited the settlement about 1913 as saying, "five thousand people in Queen's County, the descendants of that band of pilgrim fathers, are today among the most prosperous of the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island".

These Pilgrim Fathers came from Skye, for the most part, and they and their wives and children, through several generations, have made a contribution to the physical, mental and moral character of the Island Province which it would not be possible to exaggerate. Malcolm Macqueen, in *Skye Pioneers and 'The Island'*, has brought together a wealth of material on the Highland colony at Belfast, the character of its people, how they lived, their domestic economy, the determination to improve their minds that they had brought with them from their other island home, their deeply religious nature,

their kindliness and unassuming but matchless hospitality.

Of this last characteristic, Miss Champion gives an example, quoted from Walter Johnstone, a Dumfries shoemaker, who visited the Island in 1820, and wrote an account of his experiences. Night coming on, he asked for shelter at the home of a Highlander. He was at once taken in. They made a bed for him in the kitchen. In the morning, glancing beyond the partition that divided the kitchen from the one other room, in which the man, his wife and daughter had slept, he was dismayed to see two beds that had been stripped of everything but hay. All the family bedding had been taken to make a bed for this casual guest.



Silver birches by the riverside, Montrose, Prince County



Millview Pond, dear to the artist and the fisherman

Photo by R. H. Smith

"Entering the humble cottage of the early settler," says Macqueen, "one found an abode of Arcadian simplicity. If at meal time, there might be half a dozen healthy blue-eyed children, with their parents, seated on planks around the rough board table. The simple fare consisted of potatoes and pickled herring or dried salt cod. Oatmeal porridge was the staple breakfast dish. It was many years later before wheat flour was used daily. In the meantime barley and buckwheat varied the oatmeal diet. Many meals were partaken without forks or knives, and those in use were made generally of horn. The teapot was always on the hearth. The Scots were inordinately fond of tea . . . As soon as a caller entered the house the kindly housewife proffered a cup."

In the early years of the settlement a home-made linen tick filled with grass was

thought sufficient. Later the grass was replaced with oat chaff, which was emptied and refilled at least once a year, at threshing time. Still later feather ticks became common, the feathers coming from the domestic geese that were raised in large numbers.

"The houses were cold. The open chimney, although healthful, allowed most of the heat to pass off without tempering the air in the chilly rooms. Beside the fireplace hung the boot-jack, fashioned from the crotch of birch or maple, while over it rested an old Queen Anne rifle. Newspapers were unknown. Other books were rare, but the Gaelic Bible was in every home. By the fitful glow of the pine knot on the fireplace, the father read the nightly lesson from its sacred pages. All were warmly clothed. The men wore natural grey homespun, the women drugget. Their shoes were made in neighboring homes from cow-

Top right:—Sunset at Rustico

Photo by R. H. Smith

Bottom right:—Charlottetown at eventide

Photo by G. M. Dallyn



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Bottom right:—Charlottetown at eventide

Photo by G. M. Dallyn







Fishing fleet in Tignish Harbour

C.N.R. photo



hide tanned in the settlement. Well rubbed with warm sheep's tallow, they were impervious to water."

Because they lived simple lives and were content with their lot, the Scottish settlers of the Island, and particularly their women-folk, not only often ran beyond the proverbial three-score-years-and-ten, but kept their health and faculties to the end. Rachel Gordon of Uigg, wife of John McLeod, lived to be almost 98, and the wife of his brother, Big Murdoch McLeod, approached even nearer the century mark. At 86 Rev. Donald Gordon Macdonald, who had moved from the Island to Vancouver, still preached almost every Sunday. Mary Munro, born on the Island of Lewis in 1834, remained a pioneer on this other Island for almost a century. Annabella Munro died at Belfast at the age of 99.

A documentary film prepared under the

Displaying some of the world's finest oysters, from Malpeque Bay



Vessels engaged in coastal shipping out of Murray Harbour to Newfoundland.

Photo by R. H. Smith

auspices of The Canadian Geographical Society records the final and very lively stage of the manufacture of a piece of home-spun cloth. The film was made in Cape Breton in 1944. Mr. Macqueen describes this wauking, or thickening, frolic as it was previously carried out among the Highland settlers in Prince Edward Island:

"When the web of cloth, containing generally from fifteen to thirty yards, according to the needs of the family, was ready for thickening, word was sent through the settlement. When those who wished to do so had assembled, the web, which had been soaking for some time in soap and water, was 'wrung out' by hand. It was then placed on a long table improvised from boards placed on barrels. The young women lining each side of the table then grasped the cloth in their hands, at the same time giving a kneading movement as they advanced along

An Island fisherman bringing up oysters with "tongs".





and around it. This was accompanied by a Gaelic song, the rhythm of which lent itself to the movement. The hilarity produced by the singing robbed the task of any appearance or sense of labour. After repeated manipulations the cloth became quite thick. It was then rolled tightly on a wooden roller and allowed to stand for a few days. From this it was rolled off onto another roller and allowed to stand for a short time. When removed it was perfectly smooth and ready to be tailored by the women or by the community tailor, who was recognized as an important personage in the district."

Whether or not this method of finishing homespun cloth was learned by the Scottish

settlers from the Acadians, it is at least certain that it was practiced by the Acadians from early times.

In 1904 the descendants of the pioneers who founded the settlement at Belfast marked its centenary by erecting a monument at the entrance to the old graveyard around the church. This beautiful little church was originally built in 1823, and the Wren steeple was added by two brothers, Neil and Malcolm McLeod, in or about 1860.

Mills were a familiar feature of the Island landscape throughout its early years, and some still survive. The first mill in Belfast was built for Lord Selkirk on the



Left:
Island
Photo b

Right:
tatoes
ing h
of th
princ
ucts.
Photo b

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

**Left:—A typical
Island skyline**

Photo by G. M. Dallyn

**Right:—Seed po-
tatoes, seen grow-
ing here, are one
of the Island's
principal prod-
ucts.**

Photo by R. H. Smith



Pinette River. When *Skye Pioneers* was written the mill was owned and operated by Joseph Dixon. This admirable description of another Island mill is from an article by F. Wanderoth Saunders, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, January 16, 1933, and is quoted with the publishers' kind permission:

"Its weathered shingles, bleached to the whiteness of an old man's beard, still retain a few sparkling beady drops of moisture as if its owner had just drunk deeply of the water at his feet. The mill extends out partly over the twelve foot drop of water and is flanked on either side by steep banks and stiffly-standing spruce trees. From the bridge to the mill door there is a soft carpet of sawdust mixed with red earth, the passing tribute of an endless procession of spruce logs . . . You plunge into a cool dark labyrinth of black, coiling, lashing leathern snakes turning cogs and wheels without number. The grinding of the grain, the whine of the saw as it bites into a log, the dashing of falling water into dark unfathomable depths beneath an often perforated floor—all sounds roar an overwhelming diapason."

And these stanzas from a poem by Webster Rogers describe another ancient mill on another Island river:

Right:—At home on a fox farm

Star Newspaper photo

Left:—The "Garden of the Gulf" in panorama.

Photo by G. M. Dallyn

"Beside the stream the alders spring
And water-grasses, bending low,—
And swallows skim, with careless wing,
Down where the gentle cowslips grow:
While lingering Dunk winds on between
Dark shady woods and pastures green.

I came one day, when days were long,
To dream an idle hour away:
And lo! the rhythmic river's song
Was of that distant earlier day
When, captive to the master's will,
The harnessed waters turned the mill."



It is pleasant to wander about that noble bay on whose shores the French built long ago the little capital of their colony of Isle St. Jean, and the British, some years later, but still in days that seem remote enough from our time, built their capital (like the city of North Carolina) in honour of the wife of George III.

So much has been said here about the Island's past that it would be unwise even to attempt to describe the tiny capital of the French colony, Port La Joie. That has been done admirably by D. C. Harvey in *The French Régime in Prince Edward Island*. Nothing remains today but the grass-grown mounds and hollows where the old buildings once stood, and where the settlement survived from its founding in 1721 to the end of French rule. British functionaries and settlers arrived soon afterwards, and the birth year of Charlottetown may be said to have been 1768. It is much to be hoped that the National Sites and Monuments Board will mark, in a suitable manner, the site of Port La Joie, as well as the landfall of Cartier on the north shore.

There are several ways of approaching Charlottetown, but the ideal one, to my mind, is by sail, from the outer Strait into the Bay, with St. Peter's Island to port and, some time later, Governor's Island to starboard; next, the point where the French post once stood is on the port side, and, finally,

the harbour of Charlottetown, with its shipping, neither spectacular nor awe-inspiring, but eminently characteristic and picturesque.

Charlottetown is not a large city; probably, as towns go (say in Ontario), it is not even a large town; but these things are relative. It is by far the largest community in Prince Edward Island; it is the capital of the Province; and, as such, it is a place of which the Islanders have every reason to be proud. One who has had the privilege of visiting it occasionally over a considerable period of years may also be permitted to say that it is a town from which one takes away nothing but pleasant memories. Its public buildings are dignified and adequate; its streets and squares conveniently laid out and well-shaded; and its people courteous, friendly and self-respecting. The Island and its inhabitants enjoy the distinction—and it is one to be envied by others and prized by themselves—of possessing neither great wealth nor real poverty. The slums that disfigure so many communities in other provinces and other countries are unknown on the Island.

Another distinction that is worth remembering is the racial purity of its people. There may be advantages in becoming a melting-pot for the nationalities of Europe; and whether or not they are advantages, most of North America must accept them as inevi-



East Point
Lighthouse

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



Blessing of the boats at North Rustico

table; but the Island need not regret the fact that its population is overwhelmingly British in origin—from the British Isles. The 1941 census reveals that at that time there were in Prince Edward Island 78,714 persons (out of a total of 95,047) whose origin was the British Isles, and of the remainder 14,799 were of the old Acadian stock, while 258 represented the original inhabitants, those Micmacs who first welcomed the white stranger and then ran away from him. French and English get along together very well on the Island, and the former have taken in the past, and still take today, an active part in the political, commercial, judicial, educational and social life of the Province.

As I wander about the peaceful streets of Charlottetown, and enjoy its modern hospitality—modern in form but always the same in its genuine quality—I find my thoughts turning back again to the port of other days, as so graphically revealed in the books of Benjamin Bremner.

In 1853 Andrew Duncan of Charlottetown was launching the ship *Ethel*, of 1,759

tons—small enough now, but in her day the largest vessel built in Prince Edward Island. She had three decks, was iron-fastened, and measured 240 feet.

Rambling back to 1844, *The Islander*—newspaper, not ship—carried a notice that James H. Peters has been appointed to manage the Island estates of Samuel Cunard.

The old church and graveyard of the Selkirk Settlement at Belfast

Photo by R. H. Smith





A characteristic Island scene

Photo by G. M. Dallyn

Peters was to become a judge of the Supreme Court, and two of his sons premiers of the Province; and Cunard had already founded what was to become the famous Cunard Line of steamers.

And why not end these seafaring notes with seafaring rhymes from an anonymous poet:

"I can't help feelin' lonesome for the old
ships, that have gone,
For the sight of tropic sunsets and the hour
before the dawn,
And the white sails pullin' stoutly to a warm
and steady draft,

And the smell o' roastin' coffee, and the
watches mustrin' aft."

Then, glancing back ever further, we come to the very early days of the British colony, when that domineering and quite tactless Chief Justice of Newfoundland, Thomas Tremlett, was being moved to the same high office in Prince Edward Island, after bitter complaints had been launched against him with the Governor, and he had replied in writing: "To the first charge, your Excellency, I answer that it is a lie, to the second charge, I say that it is a damned lie, and to the third charge, it is a damned infernal



*Above:—Bathing at Cavendish.
The Green Gables Golf Links lie
beyond the dunes.*

*Below:—The beach at Souris
C.N.R. photos*



lie, and, your Excellency, I have no more to say".

Those were the days when Governor Patterson listed as the Island's greatest needs a gaol, a church and a court-house—in that order—and, when the money was provided, used it to pay overdue salaries to himself and his friends. Those, also, were the days when hungry men were hanged for stealing a loaf of bread, and sentenced to 39 lashes for minor offences; and when a jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" because, they said, though they had no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, he had a wife and seven children, and to send him to jail would put a severe burden on the community.

As an example of rough-and-ready justice in the early years in Summerside, it is recorded that "a thief who abstracted five pounds from a merchant's till was taken to

Queen's Wharf, a rope tied around his waist, and he was ducked in the chill October waters a separate douse for every pound he stole".

As we complete our circuit of the Island at picturesque and most hospitable Bedeque, it is worth remembering that its people are largely descended from those sturdy United Empire Loyalists who in 1784 left their homes in New England or New York so that they might remain under the British flag.

Today the Island is the home of an enterprising and self-reliant people, and the summer playground of thousands of other Canadians and their American cousins. The true Islander is never completely happy away from his Island. And the rest of us are with him a hundred per cent in July and August!

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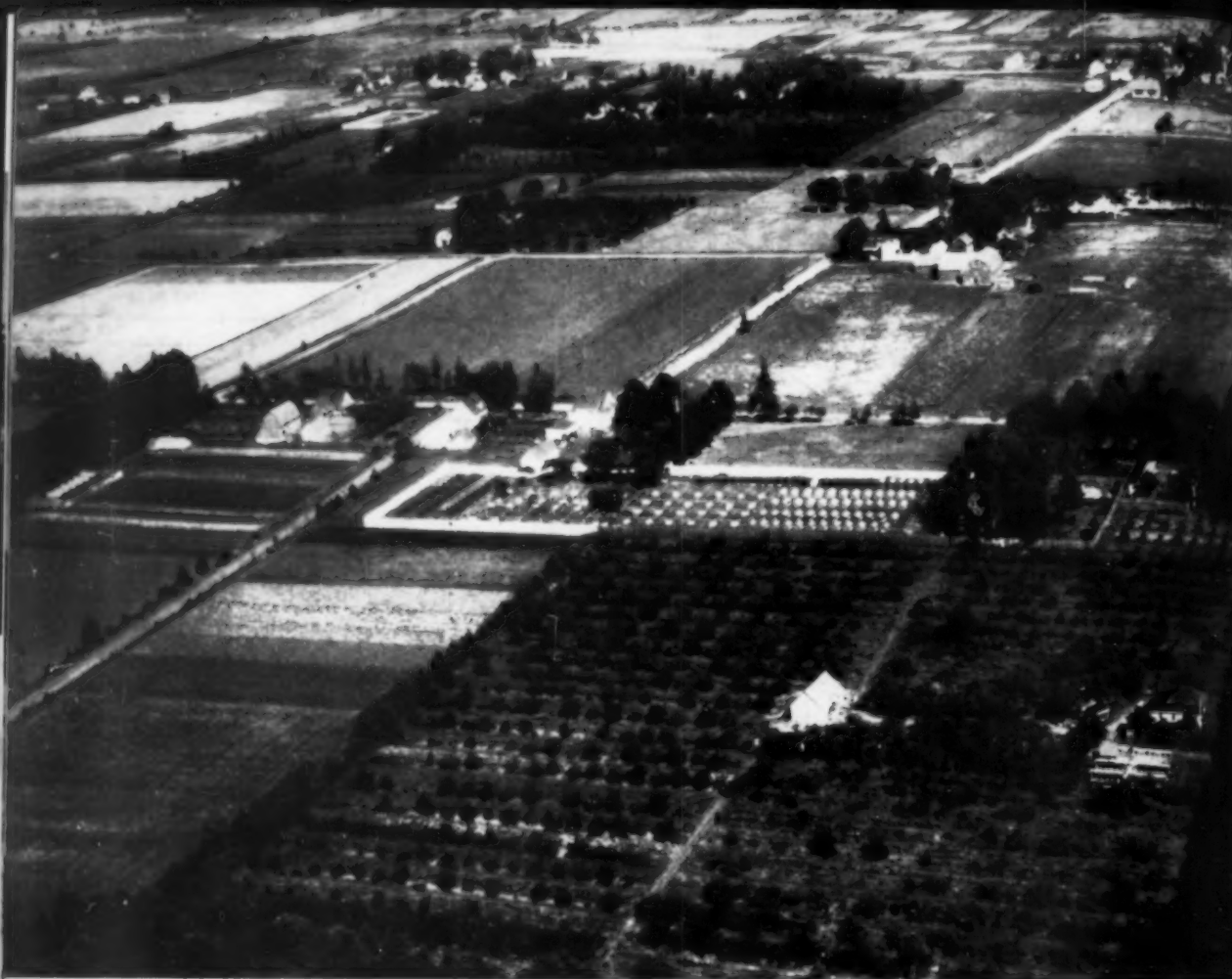
Right:—

Scenes at some of the Island's favourite fishing spots, including Millview and Montague.

Left:—Where the trout rise to the fly.









A familiar scene of the fishing industry which, next to farming, is the Island's most important source of revenue.

Photo by G. M. Dallyn

Top Left:—A typical Island landscape of well-kept and prosperous farms, from the air; one of the many fox farms in the centre.

Bottom Left:—Aerial view showing Government House, Charlottetown and the surrounding district

Canadian Pacific Air Lines photos



International Shortwave Broadcasting in Canada

by STUART GRIFFITHS*

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ALMOST WITHOUT EXCEPTION, certainly prior to the recent war, it was by the bare facts that Canada was known and judged. In honesty, we must admit that Canadian authorities seeking primarily to attract tourists and charged with the dissemination of information about Canada all too often did little to alter foreign conceptions of this country—one of the most popular travel folders featured a large coloured picture of a Royal Northwest Mounted Police officer setting out on his horse to “keep order” in the untracked wilds. Such material with drawings of *Coueurs de Bois* shooting angry boiling rapids, Indians standing in front of drafty teepees and aeroplane photographs of virgin forest only confirmed the “information” which readers in Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands and other countries found in their respective equivalents of “The Boys’ Own Annual” and such periodicals. More respected sources of information in Great Britain still have a tendency to report Canadian news events with an eye for the picturesque rather than the significant. This of course is quite within the liberty and freedom of the press and radio in all countries but at the same time it underlines the need

for an efficient and continuous Canadian information source. Understanding between nations and between peoples is essential for democratic countries to live in peace and accurate, factual information is essential to understanding.

There are other reasons for the widest distribution of Canadian news and information. In the days of imperialistic expansion, trade was said to follow the flag. Today it might be said to follow the news. Canada possesses in abundance, a comparatively small variety of natural resources. With a prodigious productive capacity in these specialized fields—a capacity far in excess of her domestic market—she has to look abroad. If the newspapers or the radio stations in a foreign country where there is an actual or a potential market for manufactured goods include news about Canada and Canadian developments, there is a good chance that the merchants and people of that country will become conscious of Canadian enterprise and place orders with Canadian manufacturers. This is generally recognized and the competition among news-services and sources today is a result.

But these were reasons for Canada’s entering the competition of news and informa-



Left:—Music is a truly international language and some of the most popular Canadian shortwave programs feature Canadian music played by Canadian musicians and soloists. Here Jean Beaudet, C.B.C. supervisor of music, conducts a concert in the Montreal studios for transmission to and rebroadcast in Czechoslovakia.

Top right:—The tall steel towers support the highest frequency European beam antenna nearly 400 feet in the air and stand up to a Maritime gale without a shudder.

tion services prior to 1939. In September of that year the war presented Canada with the final and decisive reason. Here was a country destined by her productive capacity to be an important source of supply yet isolated by her location from the area of combat. The firm hand of censorship isolated every nation and the gradual occupation of Europe by the Nazis made European news coverage impossible. Since 1936, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation had advocated the inception of international broadcasting facilities at every parliamentary committee investigating its operation, but other problems of domestic expansion had taken priority. By 1942, the Canadian Government had authorized the construction of transmitters and studios for the new service.

Shortwave broadcasting was a logical choice of medium for this wartime emergency. More than any other form of news distribution, it could ignore borders, space and time. True, the enemy could prohibit listening to international shortwave voice broadcasts, they could remove shortwave reception gadgets from all home receivers, they could interfere with or "jam" foreign broadcasts, confiscate all private radios and attempt to introduce centrally controlled loud-speaker systems in place of radios. But methods such as these could be only partially successful. Voice broadcasting across national borders remained the instrument of international communication least subject to man-made barriers. In Belgium, during the occupation, a humourist is reported to have hung a sign on a bronze statue of King Leopold which read: "Here is the only man who doesn't listen to the BBC!"

Broadcasting to the Continent was important, but as Canadian servicemen by the thousand began to stream into Britain and as the years of the war wore on, it became more and more important to provide a means of contact between them and their homeland. Radio fitted in here too.

Building so ambitious a plant in the midst of war proved to be extremely difficult. In the first place, during the long years of inactivity in the thirties when nearly every other important country had been

setting up international shortwave plants, there was a great competition for suitable wavelengths. This was a formidable problem and some form of international agreement and control had been recognized as essential since shortwaves began to be used seriously in Europe. As early as 1932, Canada had joined with the European and other national states at Madrid in agreeing to adhere to the radio regulations section of the International Telecommunications Convention. This section made an allocation of the shortwave frequencies for distress signals, commercial point-to-point radio telegraph and voice broadcasting between the various interested countries. The Convention was revised at a conference in Cairo in 1938. During the war, also, the American Hemisphere Conference revised regional frequency allocations and other regulations. Canada, although not in the shortwave broadcasting field, took part in the conference and was allocated specific wavelengths for such time as she might commence. In spite of this, some of these were "lifted" by other countries. With the pressure of the demand for expanded radio facilities during the war, it became increasingly difficult for Canada to retain the remaining radio wavelengths; it was a question of employing them or having them used by some other power. She decided to use them and duly served notice through the Department of Transport in Ottawa.

In planning a shortwave broadcasting service, the choice of the best possible location for the transmitting station is of paramount importance. This is particularly true in Canada because of its proximity to the north geomagnetic pole, which is the centre of a zone having relatively high absorption to radio waves. This zone, whose extent varies with solar, terrestrial-magnetic and other forms of activity, covers in its quiescent state the greater part of our country. Radio waves passing through it are subject to undesirable transmission phenomena which result in fading, weak signals, erratic behaviour and transmissions which are not as generally reliable as those from other countries which do not have to pass through this "disturbed area".

Another important factor in the selection

INTERNATIONAL SHORTWAVE BROADCASTING IN CANADA

of a site is the desirability of providing a large area of level ground of high radio-frequency conductivity for the erection of the antenna systems. This condition is essential for maximum radiation efficiency. The site must also be easy of access by road or rail and in an area served by telephone, electric and water services. The town of Sackville, New Brunswick, where the C.B.C. already had located a standard mediumwave broadcast station (CBA, the Maritimes regional station, power 50,000 watts) satisfied all these conditions and in addition, was as far removed from the effect of the troublesome North Magnetic Pole as was possible in Canada. The land was, for the most part, reclaimed salt water marshes providing excellent ground conductivity. In addition, the presence of trained radio personnel already in Sackville made possible operating economies by combining the shortwave and mediumwave transmission facilities.

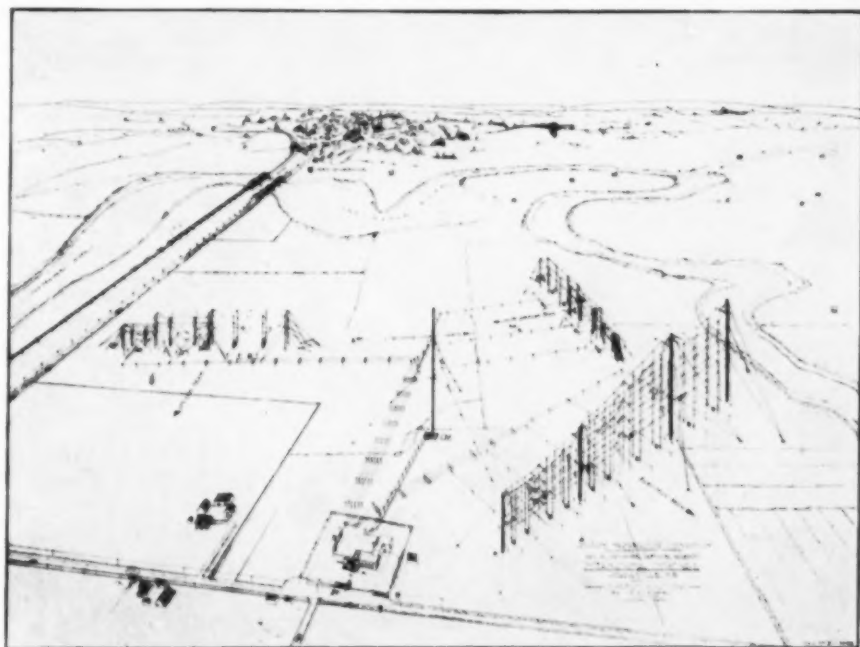
A modern, two and a half storey building of reinforced concrete was planned by the C. B. C. architectural department, large enough to accommodate both the shortwave transmitters and the Maritimes regional transmitter. So strong are the radio frequency fields around the transmitters that special precautions had to be taken to prevent induction currents in the reinforced concrete and

the plumbing and wiring contained in the walls. With so much radio power floating around, pipes could be heated to white hot temperatures and beams weakened. To prevent this, before concrete was poured into the forms, all reinforcing rods were electrically welded together at all intersections and the resulting mesh connected to the common grounding system by heavy copper straps located every ten feet. In addition, studios and control rooms were completely shielded by double copper screening built into the walls, ceilings and floors. All this work was supervised by the C.B.C. architects and engineers.

Two shortwave transmitters are employed at all times. These are quite standard commercial units each of which, for the technically-minded, operates from a primary power supply of 2,300 volts, 3 phase, 60 cycles, and delivers a minimum of 50,000 watts of carrier power into a 600 ohm transmission line on any frequency between 6 and 21.75 megacycles per second with full modulation and with an audio range of 30 to 10,000 cycles per second. The transmitters appear to operate exceptionally well, if listener response is any indication.

No small part of the credit for their outstanding performance, however, is due to the antenna system to which each transmitter is connected. After studying the

An architect's drawing of the transmitting plant of the C.B.C. International Service near Sackville, New Brunswick. Building and associated antenna systems occupy more than 200 acres of reclaimed marsh—one of the best transmission points in the world.



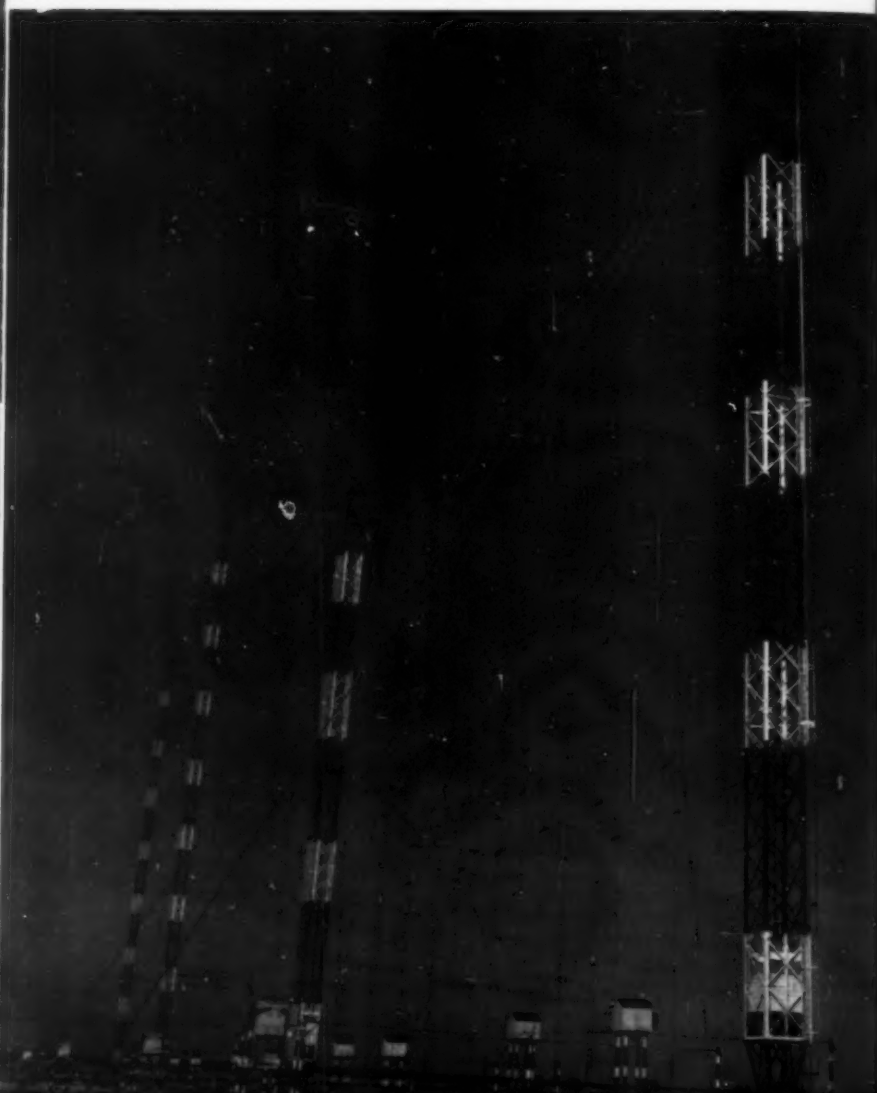
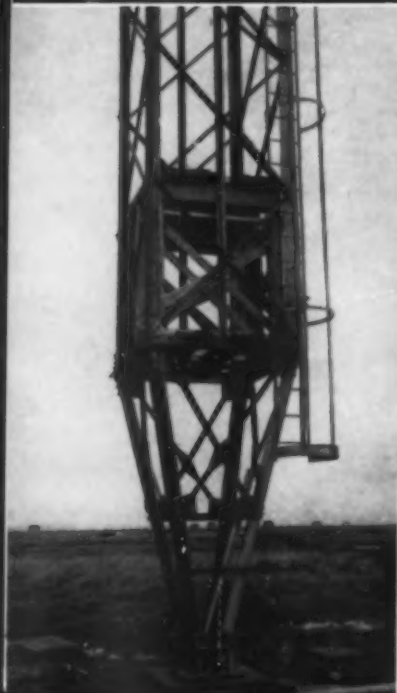


Above:—A front view of the transmitter building at Sackville, designed by engineers who also planned the antenna system.

Left:—In order to support the tall steel towers in the shifting marshland, concrete anchors had to be provided to which wire cable guy-wires were attached.

Lower left:—Each tower stands on its pointed base imbedded in fifteen feet of reinforced concrete. Counter weights of 57,000 pounds keep the curtain in the correct position and the wires supporting the curtain can withstand wind velocities up to 120 miles per hour and icing conditions up to half an inch thick.

Below:—In the six-foot "dog-houses" mounted on stilts beneath the European directional antenna are located the "slewing" or aiming switches and the reversing switches. These are all remotely controlled by the operator from inside the building. This type of multi-element antenna is known as a "high-gain" array and concentrates the power more than 100 times.



types in current use in Europe and North America, C.B.C. engineers came to the conclusion it was a good economy to spend a moderate amount of money for the actual transmitter and erect the best possible antenna system available. They reasoned that more power could always be added but once the antenna system was bedded down in the Tantramar marshes, it was there for keeps. Furthermore, an efficient radiator would put the power in the transmitters to the best use by concentrating it where it was needed most. So they designed a directional, high-gain radiating system of a kind never before used in North America for shortwave voice broadcasting. By means of remotely-controlled switches, the transmitters can be attached to any one of three antenna systems and each of these can be controlled in two directions. In effect, this means that "beams" about 35 degrees wide can be aimed and "squirted" in any one of six directions at will to cover every important land area, and each of these beams will contain the concentrated power of the transmitters amplified and compressed through the operation of the antenna system up to 100 times. Small wonder then that when the transmitters went into operation on Christmas Day, 1944, the first cable reporting reception in Europe came from the British Broadcasting Corporation and said "strongest signal from your side of the ocean". Since then, nearly every country in the world has reported that Canada's shortwave voice is heard loudly and clearly.

Now what words do we give to all this power? During the war the answer was easy. There were two main targets; Germany and occupied Europe, and Canadian servicemen in whatever theatre they were located. Canada had been taking part in the psychological war on Germany since 1943 by means of broadcasts in German recorded in this country under the direction of the Wartime Information Board and transmitted by American and British transmitters. When the new Canadian shortwave facilities became available, those who had been preparing the disked programs came to the C.B.C. International Service studios in

Montreal to carry on their work. In short order two daily programs were going out from Canada, *ein Mitglied der vereinten Nationen* (a member of the United Nations), in German to Germany. The German staff consisted entirely of German anti-fascist refugees all of whom are now Canadian citizens. News bulletins and special programs throwing a new light on Nazi leaders and their aims were important parts of the plan which was designed to weaken the German will to resist. In quality and presentation, the Canadian programs at this stage in the war were as well prepared as those sent from any of the allied stations. In the later stages of the war, Canada took part in a stepped-up campaign by all the United Nations to bring about German capitulation. This was during the period when the rapid allied advances and the continued hammering of allied air-power had virtually destroyed all internal communications within Germany. The German people then, if they wanted news of how the war was going, had to depend in the main on allied shortwave radio broadcasts! At this time Canada carried American German programs and the American stations carried the German programs prepared by the German department of the C.B.C. in Montreal. It is logical to ask just how effective Canadian programs to Germany actually were now that the war is over. It was a difficult question to answer, and one which the German staff at the C.B.C. also worried about. They knew that those Germans who had shortwave receivers could hear the Canadian broadcasts; the radio engineers could assure them on that score. For months after VE-day the German staff awaited word. Civilian mail from Germany was not immediately resumed and letters into the country from Canada arrived at their destinations only by accident; but at last the trickle of letters began to arrive, not many, but enough to prove that some of the arrows shot into the air had reached their mark.

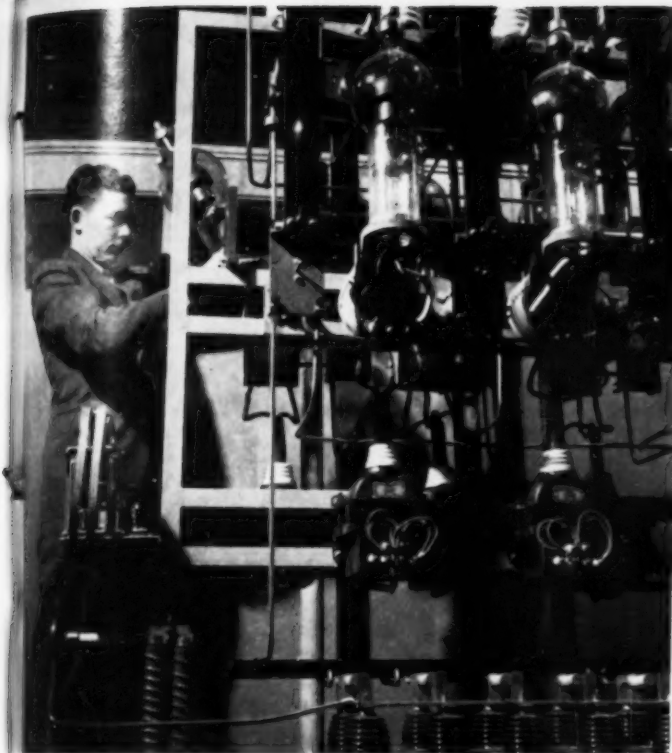
With the war over, Canada found herself with 32,000 German prisoners in camps scattered over the whole width of the country. Some attempt had been made by Canadian prisoner-of-war authorities to sort

them and segregate each category. There were so-called "black" camps for out-and-out Nazi prisoners, "grey" camps for prisoners with no particular political interest, and "white" camps for anti-Nazis. Working in conjunction with Canadian authorities who saw to it that each camp was equipped with shortwave receiving equipment and public address loudspeaker systems, the C.B.C. German staff visited the camps with portable recording equipment. They recorded whatever they could get. In the "white" camps they found men willing to testify against the Nazis and to discuss the question of German war guilt; in the "grey" camps they recorded dramas, skits, songs and instrumental music by the prisoners; in the "black" camps they played disks of earlier German programs, led discussions and obtained much worthwhile material while at the same time contributing substantially to the re-education of the prisoners. All of these were beamed to Germany and heard also in the camps across the country, together with hundreds of personal messages which the German staff recorded while in the camps. These messages were always short and often touchingly pathetic for many of the prisoners had been in Canada since the early part of the war and had been separated from their families and relatives four and five years. Such messages were the best means of building an audience in Germany. Time and time again excited prisoners-of-war would come up and say that they had heard from their families that their messages had been received. Thus, the combination of personal messages, anti-Nazi talks by prisoners themselves and up-to-date news about Canada and the rest of the world made the Canadian German broadcasts highly successful from a re-orientation point of view and at the same time returned many thousands of Germans to their country with a good opinion of this one. The German programs will continue.

The other main target during the first months of operations was the Canadian serviceman and servicewoman abroad. What the International Service tried to do was to supply the things that people away from home for a long time would most like to

hear. Some of the programs were rather nostalgic, news about the home town, Saturday night hockey games—light programs for the most part. Canadian news was a big item, in English and French, and the programs were designed to supplement it. Fighting men had little time to relax and when they did, they wanted something they could listen to easily in the mess hall or wherever they could hear a radio. After victory in Europe, forces listeners had a little more time on their hands and the character of the programs was adapted accordingly. Discussions of veterans' rights and benefits were carried, the transmitters stayed on the air all night to carry the results of the federal elections to the nearly half-million Canadian voters outside the country, and when Parliament, the first peacetime parliament in five years, began its sessions in 1945 Canadian microphones brought reports of it. These programs were for the most part prepared and broadcast by veterans who a few months before had been on the receiving end and knew what they were talking about. In all, more than 7,000 special programs, about 70 per cent of all the broadcast hours of the first year and a half of operation, were beamed in English and French to Canadians in Europe.

The forces programs were later amalgamated with the United Kingdom and Commonwealth section which has charge of all programs in English-speaking parts of the world. As the proportion of programs of special interest to Canadians overseas has been reduced, the U.K. section, as it is called, has replaced them with programs for general listening in the United Kingdom. These are carefully produced documentaries, music, round table discussions, special event actualities, dramas, talks, and other items designed to project Canada, her activities, personalities and events. It is rather unfortunate that listeners in Canada cannot easily hear some of the English language programs sent from Canada to other English-speaking parts of the world for, in an endeavour to explain this country, which is not well known abroad, the C.B.C. International Service has to start a long way back. We have to break down the popular misconceptions about



Left:—Each transmitter operates on a voltage of 10,000 volts direct current furnished from the rectifier tubes shown here.

Right:—The small tube the operator is inserting furnishes a few watts of power for the bias of the 50,000 watt water-cooled modulator tubes below.

Canada—the kind that every summer bring American tourists up “north” equipped with fur coats and skis in July! We have to project a new country whose industrial capacity has developed within the last twenty-five years. We have to explain that this country, somehow not identified in the mind of the ultimate consumer with the millions of dollars worth of raw materials it has exported, is now in the *manufacturing* business! Happily for Canadian shortwave radio programs, we are not in the position of just being able to advocate “buy Canadian”; our entrance into the free-trade enclosure now gives Canadian broadcasts the added fillip of “send your goods to Canada—we’re anxious to buy!” Listening in to Canada on the short-waves would keep Canadians up to date on their country’s trade and foreign policy.

In another sense also, the International Service has become a catalyst in Canadian cultural affairs. In endeavouring to explain in concrete terms the artistic life of this country to people not at all familiar with it, it has been necessary to go to original sources, to create textbooks almost and to record in words and sounds things which until now have often been intangible. It is constantly amazing how much of Canadianism exists

in the mind only and how much of it needs to be written down and talked about. Canadian culture as we try to explain it is something more than French Canadian folk songs, Indian chants and handicrafts (though we talk about these too). We have no Sibelius or Shostakovitch, but we are producing worthwhile orchestral and instrumental music for films, radio and increasingly for the concert-hall. It has no *Canadian* stamp, but it is evidence of creative progress and the series of programs presented by the International Service in six languages featuring it, is doing much to make it known in other countries. These programs are being relayed by the radios of several foreign countries.

Within Canada, radio is said to be an entertainment medium with educational possibilities. The reverse could almost be said of Canadian shortwave programs. To catch listeners in the highly competitive market of international broadcasting, programs *have* to be good to be successful. At the International Service, therefore, all of our programs, in whatever language they are sent, are built around the idea of supplying what we can supply better than any country on earth—news about our own country. We are not a major power seeking to foist our point



Above:—From this console, the transmitter operator controls the entire plant. Indicators show the program being fed and its volume, coloured lights show which transmitter is operating and which antenna direction is being employed. It is the nerve centre of the building.

Right, upper and lower:—Two views of the interior of the transmitter building at Sackville. In the upper, the Maritimes regional transmitter, CBA, may be seen in the foreground and in the background, on the upper level, may be seen the shortwave transmitters. The lower picture shows the shortwave transmitters and operating consoles facing each.



of view or our way of life on another. The aim of our programs is to make friends.

It was natural, because of the bilingualism in Canada, for English and French to be among the first sections to be organized at the International Service. The French section, staffed by French-Canadians, has had an immense amount of success with its broadcasts to France, many of which have been relayed on the networks in that country. A European section (foreign languages) is responsible for the German and all other European languages except French. A Latin American section handles programs in Spanish and Portuguese for Central and South America. The four sections are responsible for the programs sent to the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, Austria, the West

Indies and all the countries of Central and South America. The West Indies provide a good example of the enthusiasm with which Canadian programs have been received abroad, for Canada is now heard over many West Indian radio stations, relayed free of charge. Perhaps these relays should be explained. Some listeners hear shortwave programs directly on their shortwave receivers, other listeners hear Canadian shortwave programs picked up by the local radio station and relayed or rebroadcast over its own transmitter. About two-thirds of the C.B.C. program budget is set aside for special relay programs when, naturally, the audience is much greater. Programs have been sent to a total of seventeen countries to date and the expansion is still proceeding. Within the next few months regular programs will be

going out to Belgium in French and Flemish, to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, to the Soviet Union, to Australia and New Zealand, and to South Africa.

Each section consists of editors, producers and announcers who are experts in their own language fields. Each has roughly equivalent problems although naturally their solutions differ greatly. The French section for instance in its broadcasts to France presents a daily program "La Voix de Canada" featuring news bulletins, reviews of events, interviews, reports, press reviews, talks on cultural subjects, book reviews, reports on labour and business conditions, agricultural reports, reconstruction plans, science talks, commentaries on Canadian politics, geography, fine arts, sports and women's affairs. Much the same sort of fare is contained in the Czech and Dutch broadcasts. In practice it has been found possible to duplicate very little of the material, for each language presents its own problems and scripts must be prepared with frames of reference familiar in the country to which they are directed. The Czech and Dutch programs have wonderfully receptive audiences. In the case of the Czech broadcasts, no small part of the reason for this is the personal message service which was organized in co-operation with the Canadian Red Cross to put Canadian Czechoslovaks in touch with missing relatives in Europe. One can hardly comprehend how much it means to be able, after five years, to hear from a mother or son five thousand miles away, especially when the cause of that enforced isolation was a race who thought nothing of burning out a village, shipping slaves all over Europe and setting up a Buchenwald. One listener in Czechoslovakia copied down hundreds of these personal messages and sent them on to their addresses—he was a postal clerk in Prague and if the C.B.C. didn't get the address right, he did! These helped tremendously to interest Czechoslovak listeners in Canadian programs and the Czech radio has rebroadcast many of them on their own stations. Recently, a Czech composer in Prague sent a song to the C.B.C. studios in Montreal. Without telling him about it, arrangements

were made to have it sung and he wrote to say that not only did he hear it himself, but on the way down to work the next morning he was stopped on three occasions by acquaintances who had also heard it and wanted to tell him. There is now a "Friends of the Czechoslovak broadcasts from Canada" club organized under the patronage of prominent Czechoslovaks, to publicize Canadian programs in that country.

The fact that Canadians played a large part in the liberation of the Netherlands and were quartered there for a considerable time has done much to interest the Dutch in Canada. Dutch war brides as they arrive in Canada are given the chance to tell of their experience in settling in their new homes and many special programs have been rebroadcast on the Dutch radio networks.

The Latin American section is the most recent and, due to the extreme scarcity of suitable staff, has grown slowly, but radio stations in all the countries of Central and South America are eager to obtain Canadian programs for rebroadcast. There is at present a great struggle between American and British press services for the Latin American market and the interest of Latin American radio services in Canada is of great importance. Latin America is a great potential retail market for Canadian goods; many of her young people are in Canadian schools and colleges; the distance between us is being narrowed by air. Radio will play a great part in making us good neighbours.

Over a large part of Europe, the newspapers which have emerged after liberation are not yet in a position to buy expensive news-services although in the future they may well afford to do so. They depend in large part on foreign radio reports to satisfy their readers, hungry for world news. This fact recently led the Associated Press to withdraw its services from the United States Department of State whose transmitters were shortwaving the news to Europe. They did this on the grounds that to have the organ of the government immediately concerned with that country's foreign policy dispensing news, might prejudice the objectivity of the Associated Press service. The

C.B.C. International Service inherits the tradition of reporting the news objectively, a characteristic of Canadian Broadcasting Corporation news reports within Canada. News is a matter of public concern within Canada and the integrity with which the C.B.C. handles it is a matter any listener may check for himself. The same policy governs the international news bulletins sent out by the Canadian shortwave transmitters. They are largely concerned with reporting the day to day events of this country and for this the International Service newsroom receives the same basic Canadian Press service as any Canadian daily newspaper. International news is carried into the newsroom on the wires of the Reuters service whose correspondents are located throughout the world.

Freedom of reporting is extended to foreign delegates and observers at international conferences held in Canada. At the Food and Agricultural Organization conference held in Quebec City last year the C.B.C. placed its facilities freely at the disposal of the delegates who sent shortwave reports of the proceedings to their home countries. The great proportion of these were rebroadcast in the countries to which they were sent, constituting priceless publicity for Canada. Within Canada, no restrictions are placed on travel by foreign newspapermen

and journalists and with the end of hostilities many European countries have sent reporters to tour Canada and report what they found. With the aid of the Canadian Information Service, Danish, Dutch, Czech, Latin American, Swiss and Egyptian press representatives have all come to Canada and in each case the C.B.C. has placed its facilities at their disposal. As this is written, government, workers' and employers' delegates from 41 countries attending the International Labor Organization conference in Montreal have the freedom to say what they wish about the way the conference is going and, whether they are critical or not, every broadcast that is heard in a foreign country helps to proclaim that in Canada this reasonable freedom of expression is guaranteed.

For the past nine months, the shortwave studios have been concerned with an interesting offshoot of international broadcasting. At the request of the United Nations Educational, Cultural and Scientific Organization (UNESCO) nearly a thousand recordings were made of school broadcasts heard over

Below:—The voices of a group of children attending a little country school "somewhere in Canada" are recorded on C.B.C. International Service portable recording equipment.



Left:—Maple sugar time in Canada brings a colourful descriptive actuality broadcast.

Above:—The type of portable recording machine, which will operate anywhere, that is used to gather "actuality" material. Machines like these saw service in C.B.C. recording units on every battle front during the war.

"For Canadian servicemen overseas we bring you now—Santa Claus!" During the war C.B.C. tried to shortwave programs that would carry overseas a picture of "back home". Other programs featured rehabilitation news, music, comedy and talks from soldiers in Canada such as Lt. Col. Paul Triquet, V.C., who is shown speaking from Montreal.



the stations of the C.B.C. French Network's *Radio College*. The records, in four languages, are a gift from the C.B.C. International Service, on behalf of the people of Canada, to those members of the United Nations whose school programs are at present seriously disrupted as a result of the post-war shortage of teachers, schools and school equipment. They will be played over the radio networks and in the schools of France, Luxembourg, Greece, Poland and Czechoslovakia. In a country like Greece, where at present even chalk is scarce, let alone teachers and textbooks, students in secondary schools will be able to listen to a series of talks on subjects such as the history of science, geography, botany and so forth.

Another development, which will interest Canadian music lovers, is the preparation and release of the first Canadian album of serious music and the plans for a second. Featuring the music of several representative contemporary composers, the recordings

have been distributed through Canadian diplomatic representatives abroad and are now available as commercial pressings in music stores across Canada.

Recently an American writer criticized the continued use of shortwave broadcasting by the United States Department of State. He put his finger on a definite weakness of shortwave broadcasting when he said "there is no one in the United States, in the government or out, who can authoritatively say how many persons listen to the radio 'Voice of America'."* He then goes on to say that of those who do listen, the greater part are members of the upper classes. This is a serious problem in United States where the success or failure of a radio program depends on its Hooper or Gallop Poll rating. American shortwave broadcasting is carried out on such a large scale that it is perhaps pertinent to see if the money spent is justified by results. In Canada, on what amounts to a very modest budget, and at a time when communications and mail services are badly disrupted, results indicate that Canadian radio programs have won a large audience and are building an even larger one. On the strength of the more than 10,000 letters received from listeners in all parts of the world it is fairly easy to judge results.

*Riznik—*Nation*, September 14, 1946



Left:—Luis Saurez del Solar, Mexican sports commentator, gives a play by play description of the Canada-Mexico Davis Cup tennis matches.

Above:—Jose Siqueiros, celebrated Brazilian conductor, visited Canada and conducted several concerts of Brazilian music which were heard on the networks in Canada and by rebroadcast in Brazil.

In Canada's case, it is not economically feasible to consider any of the more costly substitutes for world-wide news distribution which may be open to the United States. Our listeners appear to come from all classes—letters arrive from farmers, office workers' mechanics, school teachers, editors, manufacturers and industrialists. If a large proportion of them are, as the American writer phrases it, from the "upper classes", this is not necessarily a disaster—such listeners buy Canadian goods. But we are not selling goods directly, we are selling friendship, and this is an easier commodity to sell than a big power's foreign policy.

Shortwave broadcasting in Canada, in common with all countries, does present formidable problems, however. Foremost among these is the scarcity of transmitting frequencies and the difficulty of obtaining "clear channel" operation without interference. Canadian signals in most parts of the world are of sufficient strength to make this nuisance secondary were it not for a characteristic of shortwave broadcasting which makes for fading. On days when fading is prevalent, Canadian signals suffer from the interference of stations operating in close frequency. Clearly, some international regu-



Outstanding Peruvian artists, Princess Imma Sumack (right), Senor Moises Vivanco and Senorita Cholita Rivero (left), are pictured before the microphone with Victor Lopez, C.B.C. Spanish announcer.

Right:—Prominent Dutch journalists visiting Canada take part in a round-table broadcast to the Netherlands.

Extreme right:—Dr. Sperber, a Czech just out of a German concentration camp, is interviewed by the Czech broadcasting section of the International Service.



Top row:—Dutch war brides (left) and Dutch business men broadcast to the Netherlands.

Centre:—In the spring Canada transmitted a special program when the Consul in Montreal presented a gift of 100,000 tulip bulbs to the city from the Dutch people.

Below:—Alena Bernaskova, a young Czech journalist, toured Canada as a guest of the Canadian government and broadcast descriptions of what she saw to Czechoslovakia.





During the war Canadian broadcasts from the prisoner-of-war camps were beamed to Germany. C.B.C. German staff members (left) carried portable recording equipment into nearly every camp across Canada. Some of the most successful psychological warfare broadcasts were presented by the prisoners themselves.



Canada has presented free of charge more than 1,000 school broadcasts in four languages to UNESCO to be distributed to Greece, Poland, Czechoslovakia, France and Luxembourg where extreme shortages of schools, teachers and teaching equipment have been the results of the war. Each program begins: "This is a gift from the people of Canada . . ."





Foreign language groups in Canada still carry on many of their old-world customs and festivals. A microphone here picks up the sounds of a Czechoslovak harvest festival held near Alvinston, Ontario.

lation more stringent than that at present in force is necessary, and it is to be hoped that an early international communications conference will make such regulation possible. Another problem is the relative scarcity of shortwave receiving sets. This is a temporary situation and one which the resumption of radio receiver production will alleviate. In Europe, particularly, there is a great demand for shortwave receivers, for the wartime habit of listening to the short-wave bands seems likely to continue; most of the new European receivers being sold are able to receive Canadian programs. Direct listening is likely to be slow in development among peoples of a high rate of illiteracy and low earning power; however, radio at the moment offers more in the way of educational possibilities in these areas than any other medium. Newspapers and books are cut off from such listeners while the percentage of illiteracy is still high, but radio—the spoken word—may be of some assistance. Recently the American Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes, had this to say:

"Radio is the best available means for reaching large populations which are deprived of information from America for lack of other communications facilities, or by in-



Personal messages in Czech, Dutch and German from Canadians anxious to locate missing relatives in Europe are transmitted free of charge in the regular daily programs.

ability to pay for information from commercial agencies, and by illiteracy . . . Throughout great regions our radio transmitters have come to be known as the Voice of America. I would regard it as little less than tragic for us to abandon now this remarkable instrument, with all its potential-



Some of the most popular Canadian shortwave programs are directed to the West Indies and one of the best known artists is Lord Caresser, a calypso singer from Trinidad.



At top:—A Yugoslav orchestra shortwaves a special program in honour of Yugoslav Independence Day.

Centre:—A bilingual program in Flemish and French for Belgium, featuring the choir of La Cantoria, Montreal.

INTERNATIONAL SHORTWAVE BROADCASTING IN CANADA

ities for advancing understanding, and thus advancing the cause of peace."

With the war now over, mankind is confronted with a Peace Conference featuring sharper contrasts of opinion, harsher words and more easily expressed suspicions, than at any time during the war's course. It is ironic to think that wars seem necessary to bring large numbers of the world's peoples together in harmony and unanimity of purpose. Mutual ignorance of each other's way of life is the greatest barrier standing between peoples today and it is the barrier against which radio, depending on how it is utilized, can be most successful. The need for intelligent use of radio is abundantly clear and best expressed in the preamble to the constitution of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization:

"That since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed; that ignorance of each other's ways has been a common cause throughout the history of mankind . . . that peace based exclusively upon the political and economic arrangements of governments would not be a peace which could secure the unanimous, lasting and sincere support of the peoples of the world, and that peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind . . . for these reasons, the States parties to this Constitution believing . . . in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge, are agreed and determined to develop and to increase the means of communication between their peoples and to employ these means for the purposes of mutual understanding and a truer and more perfect knowledge of each other's lives."

It is most certainly true that the time for such consideration is long overdue. The scientists who unlocked the secret of atomic energy have confronted society with a choice

of integration or disintegration. Fortunately for us all, the same scientists, through their development of speedy means of intercommunication between the peoples of the world, have also provided a clue to survival. And in Canada, so intimately bound up with the development of atomic energy, stand the tall towers of the Tantramar marshes, symbol of this country's determination that understanding, and knowledge—and mankind—shall prevail.

Canada has sent many programs to Austria. One of the best known broadcasters has been Karl Renner, a young Canadian, and grandson of the present President of Austria, who is seen broadcasting here. Renner is at present in Austria arranging further programs.

Below:—Producer Paul Malles goes over a script with a Polish speaker before recording a school broadcast which Canada is sending to Poland.



Extreme left:—Father Bazin, a French priest who has spent 20 years in the Canadian Arctic, tells listeners in France about the Canadian north.

Left:—Frequent overseas liaison is necessary to arrange rebroadcasts and reception in foreign countries. Here R. D. Cahoon (left) and E. L. Bushnell (centre) of the C.B.C. are shown over an airfield in France.



"Still Water and Fish", dry-point etching by David B. Milne

From the collection of the
National Gallery of Canada

David Milne —

An Independent Approach to the Painting of Ontario Landscapes

by DONALD W. BUCHANAN

FOR HIS SUBJECTS, David Milne chooses impartially the subdued scenery of southern Ontario and the wilder aspects of the north woods. Yet he never emphasizes geography or the symbols of geography. What he searches for, instead, is something more personal.

First he notes the actual scene before him in a few sensitive lines of drawing; then he adds an almost mathematical balance of

large areas of white and of black or other dark values. While he often enlivens his compositions with many small and delicate touches of local colour, he does not seek to use colour in a naturalistic way; rather, he uses it for its more decorative qualities. His cool and ironic, also distinctly intellectual, approach to painting is the product of long years of meditation, years of solitude devoted to the study of his craft. During many

winters and summers he dwelt alone, first in the north at Lake Timagami, then at Sixteen Mile Lake in Muskoka. Here the true originality of his work became apparent. It has been continued since in his more recent paintings, done in Toronto and elsewhere in southern Ontario.

David Milne was born in Bruce County on a farm. His early days had a conspicuously rural setting, even to the few years he spent as a country school teacher. But as a child and as a young man, he had always liked to draw. As soon as he had saved enough money from teaching, he went to New York to study painting, where he joined the Art Students' League. So quickly did his talent develop that by 1913 his work was considered interesting enough to be exhibited at the famous Armories Show of that year in New York, in which modern painting from both Europe and America was first introduced to the public of this continent.

City life, however, did not attract him. He wanted unhurried hours. These he found, at first, by moving to a small village called Boston Corners in a secluded part of New York state. Then, about 1918, he was offered a commission as an artist under the scheme for Canadian war memorials and, having accepted this assignment, he brought back from England and France a large collection of water-colours which are now in the war memorials collection in Ottawa.

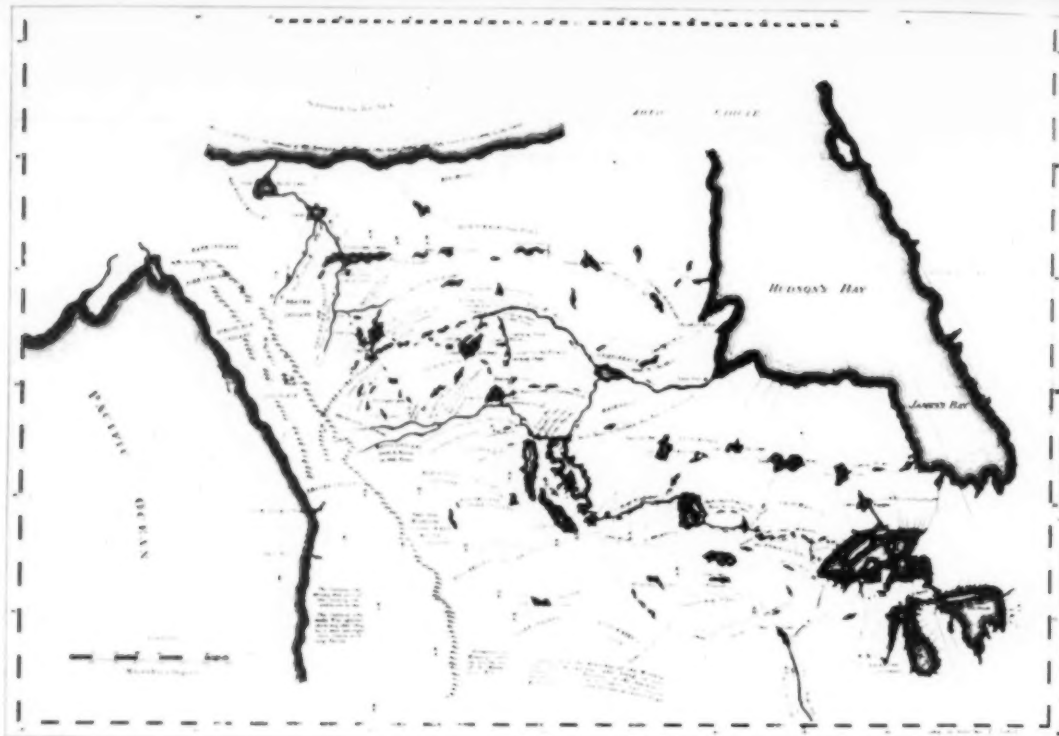
Despite this official recognition, he remained little known in Canada. When he returned permanently to his native province in 1928 he had to combat an almost total lack of understanding, although occasionally a composition of his would appear in some

Canadian exhibition. Finally, in 1935, Vincent Massey, much attracted by the few paintings by Milne which he had seen, became his patron and bought enough of his work to free the artist from immediate financial worries. Soon his paintings were being more widely displayed. Ten years ago, visiting a retrospective exhibition of them, I wrote: "Milne, although he never went to Paris to study and has always been content with his little rural villages in upper New York state or Ontario, has produced, through a mere attempt to be himself, delicate, sweetly logical landscapes of barns and wide-porch farmhouses, of water-lilies in enamel washbasins on deal tables, that remind one neither of square dances nor of cross-road general stores, but rather of the bitter tang, the quick dry vitality, of French vermouth."

In recent years his work has become more and more varied in reference. He has painted a series of water-colours based on playing card characters, combinations of Kings, Queens and Jacks. He has also, in this same dry style, carried out a group of Biblical fantasies, ranging from Noah's Ark to the stars of Bethlehem. In general, however, as in the painting reproduced on our cover, "Rites of Autumn", he adheres more or less closely to the traditional aspects of Ontario life. In his dry-point etchings (one of which is reproduced on opposite page), he places more emphasis on decorative pattern and a personal choice of colours.

One can say of his work that he aims at compression. As he himself has written: "The thing that makes a picture is the thing that makes dynamite—compression. It isn't a fire in the grass; it is an explosion. Everything must hit at once."





Peter Pond

by LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

PETER POND, fur-trader and explorer, was born in Milford, Connecticut, in January, 1740, when Connecticut was still a British colony. He served as a young man under General Amherst in the attack on Montreal in 1760. Five years later he entered the western fur trade at Detroit, moved on to Michilimackinac, and from there to the upper Mississippi country. In 1775, when the New England colonies were breaking away from the Motherland, Pond was making his way into the heart of what are now the Prairie Provinces of Canada—a very early Yankee in the West. He was associated with the North West Company from the time of its organization (soon after he entered the region west of Lake Superior), until 1790, when he resigned. He subsequently returned to the country of his birth, and died there about 1807.

Pond left a journal of his travels, or, at any rate, of some of them, but, like so many narratives, it became the victim of cir-

cumstance. A large part of it is said to have been used to light a New England kitchen fire. All that survived was a fragment concerning Pond's trading ventures in the Mississippi country, with some account of his early life. Nothing remains that would throw light upon his travels and adventures in the Saskatchewan River country and the upper Churchill and Athabaska. For these we must depend upon his contemporaries and Pond's manuscript maps, one of which was said to have been prepared for the information of the Empress of Russia.

Pond made his way west by the Grand Portage route to Lake Winnipeg, where he joined Alexander Henry, and on the way to the Saskatchewan the party was enlarged by the addition of Joseph and Thomas Frobisher. On their way up the Saskatchewan they were held up by a native river bandit named Chatique, but that dramatic episode belongs more properly to the story of Alexander Henry, and will be described on

another occasion. Late in October they came to Cumberland House, built the previous year by Samuel Hearne of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here Pond left the others and wintered on Lake Dauphin to the south, while Henry and the Frobishers pushed on to the Churchill and Isle à la Crosse Lakes.

In 1778 Pond followed their route to Isle à la Crosse, and, crossing over beautiful Methye Portage to the Clearwater River, descended that stream to the Athabaska where he built a trading-post, and in that or the following years discovered Lake Athabaska. Of the incidents of these years in the far northwest we know no more than may be conjectured from Pond's maps or the letters or journals of those with whom he was associated. The remnants of his own journals relate to his earlier life, as has already been mentioned, and are mainly of interest as extraordinary examples of eccentric spelling. Here is a fragment from Pond's description of the country near the Fox-Wisconsin portage west of Lake Michigan:

"In maney parts in going three miles you due not advans one. The bank is almost leavel with the water and the medoes on each sid are clear of wood to a grate distans and clothd with a good sort of grass the openings of this river are cald lakes but they are no more than larg openings. In these plases the water is about four or five feet deap. With a soft bottom these plases produce the gratest quantaties of wild rise of which the natives geather grat quantities and eat what they have ocation for and dispose of the remainder to people that pass and repass on thare trade.

"This grane looks in its groth and stock and ears like ry and the grane is of the same culler but longer and slimer. When it is cleaned fit for youse thay boile it as we due rise and eat it with bears greas and sugar but the greas thay ad as it is bileing which helps to soften it and make it brake in the same maner as rise. When thay take it out of thare cettels for yous thay ad a little sugar and is eaten with fresh vensen or fowls, we yoused it in the room of rise and it

did very well as a substatute for that grane as it busts it turns out perfectly white as rise."

Pond travelled west and north, among the Sioux of the upper Mississippi country, trading from band to band, and in some cases acting as peacemaker. Here is his account of the journey back to Mackinaw:

"We descended the fox river to the botam of Greane Bay so cald and thare joinde the hole of ye canoes bound to Macenac. The way ther was fair and plesant we all pro-seaded together across Lake Misheagan at the end of two days we all apeard on the lake about five miles from Macenac and aproacht in order. We had flags on the masts of our canoes—eavery chefe his flock. My canoes beaing the largest in that part of the cuntrey and having a large Youon [Union] flage I histed it and when within a mile and a half I took ye lead and the Indans followed close behind. The flag in the fort was histed—ye cannon of ye garrison began to play smartley—the shores was lind with people of all sorts who seat up such a crey and hooping which seat the tribes in the fleat a going to that degrea that you could not hear a parson [person] speak.

"At length we reacht ye shore and the cannon seasl. I then tooek my party to the commander who treated us verely well. I seat with them an our and related the afare and what I had dun and what past dureing the winter. After intereduseing the chefe I went to my one house where I found a number of old frends with whom I spent the remainder of the day."

Pond had brought several of the Sioux down to Mackinaw to meet there the chiefs of the Chippewa, and sign articles of peace. The proceedings closed with a feast. "This", says Pond, "was kept up for four days when the offeser mad them each a present and thay all imbark for thare one part of thare cuntrey."

And so ends what has survived of the singular journal of Peter Pond, the important part of which will be found in H. A. Innis's *Peter Pond, Fur Trader and Adventurer*, the most complete account of the life and experiences of this little-known pathfinder of the Canadian West.



LAWRENCE JOHNSTON BURPEE

LL.D., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C., F.C.G.S.

THE DEATH of Dr. Lawrence Burpee on October 14th has brought to an end the life work of a great Canadian. He had left Canada on a final mission a few days earlier and after a flight across the Atlantic was visiting his daughter at Christ Church, Oxford.

Dr. Burpee was President of the United Polish Relief Fund and Honorary Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian United Allied Relief Fund, and was on his way to the Continent to study the administration of relief in the Allied countries. He died in harness, at the age of seventy-three, with a life of accomplishment behind him.

There are few men who have made a more lasting imprint upon our day and generation than Lawrence Burpee, husband and father, churchman, scholar, author and public servant. His personality lives in the memories of his family and is the priceless inheritance of his children and his children's children. His genius for friendship will long be cherished for he had a gift for fellowship. His writings will endure as long as Canadians are interested in our storied past.

It is given to few men to play so large a part in so many organized activities. Mention may here be made of not more than three or four, selecting from an amazingly extended list those which seem to stand out as specially important.

The readers of this journal are familiar with the part played by Dr. Burpee in the Canadian Geographical Society. One of its founders, its first secretary, the first editor of its journal, and an active director, the Society will long bear the imprint of his handiwork. The Royal Society of Canada owes much to his long service. In war-torn Europe, in Holland, in Belgium, in France and above all in his beloved Poland, there are men, women and children whose survival is due to the Canadian United Allied Relief Fund, and only his closest associates are aware of the contribution he made to that movement.

Lawrence Burpee's name will be associated for all time with the International Joint Commission. It was his main work and he was Canadian secretary from the outset. With a changing personnel both among the commissioners and the United States secretaries, Dr. Burpee became the repository of the Commission's traditions and procedures. His position was unique. As a geographer and historian, his knowledge of the background of the problems with which the Commission was concerned was invaluable. His personal integrity, the depth and breadth of his culture and his fairmindedness bred confidence in his judgment; and his advice was sought by commissioners and counsel appearing before the Commission regardless of their national affiliations. No other agency engaged in the settlement of international questions in accordance with the principles of justice has a prouder record of accomplishment than the International Joint Commission and no man has made a finer contribution to that record.

JOHN E. READ,

Judge of the International Court of Justice.



THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

OTTAWA, CANADA



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As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography—historical, physical and economic—first of Canada, then of the British Empire and of the other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest. It is the intention to publish articles in this magazine that will be

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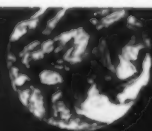
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October issue, 1946, page 165: the illustration shows Tower Bridge, not London Bridge, as stated.

* * *

AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

The Englishman's Country
edited by W. J. TURNER
(Collins, Toronto, 1945, 85)

Here is an enchanting book, or rather collection of books, some at least of its six sections having already appeared as single volumes of the *Britain in Pictures* series. There is a particular felicity in the choice of authors, each of whom is endowed with an expert knowledge and love of "this all-preserving island", as Emerson called it. Thus Edmund Blunden brings a poetic vision and language to his too-brief chapters on English villages; Victoria Sackville-West writes with competence and a charming humour on the history and architecture of the English country house; English cities and towns are the subject of a masterly survey by John Betjeman; ports and harbours are critically appraised by Leo Walmsley and Dr. Harry Roberts writes from his long experience of English gardens. Nor should one forget the English inn, which Thomas Burke describes in an alluring manner. As Mr. Burke

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A remarkable array of British artists have contributed to the beauty and interest of the volume in oils and water-colours exquisitely reproduced, interspersed with many drawings, etchings, quaint old prints, engravings and maps. (Continued on page X)

The Mecca of Dickensians



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(Continued from page IX)

The book might be considered a social history of England in a most entertaining and yet most instructive form, writers and artists vying with each other in eloquent portrayal of their country's domestic achievements. As Edmund Blunden says in his thoughtful introduction, "the vivid contributors . . . are not so much concerned with the natural beauties of England as with the works of the nation making itself at home through many centuries."

Few of the multitudes whom the fortunes of war brought to "England's green and pleasant land" left its shores without a feeling of love and reverence for its beauty and glorious history and an earnest desire to know more of the Englishman's country. To them and to all lovers of England this book will be a veritable treasure-house to which they will return again and again.

F. E. FORSEY

Holland and Britain

by CHARLES WILSON

(Collins, Toronto, \$2.75)

This book is one of a series, "The Nations and Britain" now being issued by Collins, which show the effect of other nations on British art, life, and thought. In the case of Holland, separated from Britain by only a narrow sea, with people of similar stock and religion, it is only to be expected that there should have been a great interchange of commodities and of ideas. Mr. Wilson, whose interest in and knowledge of his subject are apparent on every page, traces the story of Anglo-Dutch cultural relations, with skill and discrimination, from the period of the renaissance to the present time. In the seventeenth century in particular, Dutch influence was pre-eminent in the field of art. At this period many Dutch painters emigrated to England and their work had a marked effect on British art for a century or more. Similarly, in engineering, Britain profited from Dutch experience and technical skill in draining her marshes and fens; and Dutch influence is noticeable in the architectural work of Wren and of others of his time. In the realm of books the great Erasmus influenced English thought and, in exchange, and at a later date, the Hollanders modelled their periodicals after Addison's "Spectator".

These cultural interchanges persisted through trade rivalry and wars which, however, seemed never to have been so bitter as to efface the memories of the alliance of the two countries in the struggle against Spain in Elizabethan times and in the wars of the Spanish Succession. These ancient bonds have been renewed and strengthened by the last tragic years.

Mr. Wilson by tracing in so lucid and scholarly a manner the historic and cultural association of Britain and Holland, has performed a notable service both to the cause of better understanding between these peoples and to the reader who has the privilege of enjoying his book.

The illustrations, many of which are in colour, are of surpassing excellence and are admirably chosen to

illustrate and expand the text. The reader will regret the absence of an index.

P.E.P.

The Bamboo Gate

by VANYA OAKES

(The Macmillan Company, Toronto, \$2.25)

This is a simply written book of tales about the young people of China, to introduce them to the young people of the West. Instead of remaining a remote, inscrutable race, they are brought to life as individuals by anecdotes about this one's schooldays, that one's work on the Burma Road and another's journey from the country to the city market to sell the family's geese.

Agreeably written, with illustrations by the Chinese artist Dong Kingman, this book about every-day life will be of interest to adults as well as to children. Any endeavour, such as Vanya Oakes', to bring about understanding among the youth of nations—on whom depends the peace of tomorrow—is surely worth-while.

M.B.

* * *

Horizon

by HELEN MACINNES

(Oxford University Press, Toronto, \$2.50)

Readers who enjoyed "Assignment in Brittany" will welcome another work by Miss MacInnes, this time a tale of an escaped prisoner of war who organizes resistance against the Nazis in the Tyrol. Those who read the book will wonder why they liked it, as they probably will. The story is thin, even to transparency and stops almost as soon as any action begins, leaving one with the feeling that he has had only the first instalment. Altogether, a pallid performance, and your reviewer is at a loss to know why he browsed through it a second time, as he did. Possibly the reason may be that Miss MacInnes is an extremely good writer who requires very little of a story to hold the reader's interest.

P.E.P.

* * *

Listen, Bright Angel

EDWIN CORLE

(Duell, Sloan and Pearce, N.Y., and Collins, Toronto, \$4.50)

This book, whose title is striking rather than illuminating, is really the story of the Colorado River, and the obscure title stems from an invocation to the Deity, by its first navigator. By nature the Colorado is not one of those pleasant rivers "by whose falls melodious birds sing madrigals", so beloved of the poets of an earlier generation, but an untamed outlaw which has cut a mile-deep bed to swirl and tumble over waterfalls and through wave-cut canyons on its wild course to the sea. Until the man-made marvel of Boulder Dam was completed a few years ago its breathtaking valley and swirling waters presented an impassable obstacle to the pioneers and the railway builders who could pass on one side or the other but never cross. Even today, except at Boulder Dam, its shores

(Continued on page XII)

ONCE AGAIN

Christmas is approaching



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an exhausting and fruitless search for appropriate gifts—at a time when stores are crowded and merchandise is scarce. The presentation to friends, old and new, of Memberships in the Society provides an ideal solution of the annual Christmas Gift Problem, while monthly receipt of the wealth of information contained in the *Canadian Geographical Journal* will serve as a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness and friendship.

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XI

(Continued from page X)

can be reached in few places and then only by park trails and surefooted mules.

Strangely enough it was one of the first rivers, in what is now the United States, to be known by the white man. Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, organized and, incidentally, lost most of his wealth in the expedition that found its mouth. Over a period of three hundred years it was approached here and there by conquistadores, explorers and missionaries. One of the latter found a tiny tribe of Indians living in subtropical canyons beside the river a mile below the bleak plateau that borders its valley. Strangely enough, this same tribe, in almost the same numbers, still dwells in its little lost world scarcely changed in the centuries that have passed since the visit of Padre Garces.

The Colorado was first navigated in 1869, by a one-armed but determined graduate of the war between the States, named Powell, who later on became a distinguished scientist and Director of the United States Geological Survey. Others followed or attempted to follow over these wild falls and rapids, often with tragic results. One optimist attempted to survey a railway down the valley, while others approached the mad journey as a sporting event. In all, the river took, and still takes, a heavy toll of lives, and its passage can be completed only with extraordinary skill and good fortune.

Humbly, Mr. Corle, makes no attempt to describe the wonders of the Grand Canyon, which can now be easily reached by rail or motor roads and has attracted millions of sightseers. Below the rim, however, the tourist must revert to pack-trail and saddle and the outlaw river is still almost as unapproachable as it was when Garcia Lopez de Cardenas first stood in the valley rim in 1540.

Mr. Corle has done an excellent piece of work in this history of the Colorado, its exploration and navigation and of the men, often as turbulent as the river itself, whose stories are associated with it. P.E.P.

* * *

The Petitcodiac

by ESTHER CLARK WRIGHT

(The Tribune Press, Sackville, N.B.)

It is to be regretted that the first settlers of eastern Canada were an inarticulate generation, perhaps so busily engaged in clearing and cultivating a none too hospitable soil, that their records, even in the relatively brief space of 180 years, are largely lost. Mrs. Wright has performed a notable and serious piece of work in recording and, one may hope, preserving these sparse relics of an early settlement that has given much to Canadian life. Perhaps your reviewer, with maritime prejudices, overestimates the importance of the origins in Canada of those old family names of Steeves, Jonah and Peck who, with other colonists, settled beside the muddy waters and turbulent tides at the "head of the bay". These pioneers had no easy task in reclaiming the marshes and clearing the bay-

side fields and by no means the least of their worries was the absentee landlord and land speculator, among whom we are pleased to recognize the bland features of Benjamin Franklin, who thought well of a speculation in Fundy lands, and was by no means loathe to profit by the labour of humble and, it may be, better men. As a young country we may perhaps be too much inclined to look to the future, or think of the history of Canada in terms of seigneur and governor or intendant, forgetting the stout husbandman who settled the shores and rivers of the maritimes and whose descendants have done their part in moulding the form of Canada we know.

One may hope that Mrs. Wright will extend her researches and sympathetic interest to adjacent sections of her native province even though she may lack the close ties of blood and kin which drew her attention first to her native county. P.E.P.

* * *

Starbuck Valley Winter

by RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN

(Collins, Toronto, \$2.50)

There seems to be a convention dating from the days of Henty and Alger that the central figure in a boy's book must be something of a superman and this book in no way deviates from that long established pattern. The hero, a sixteen year old, handily does the work of four tough men: shoots with unerring rifle, and displays a cunning and sagacity quite in keeping with the best traditions of juvenile fiction. Mr. Haig-Brown, however, knows his coast range, its hidden valleys and turbulent streams, and tells a rattling good story of the boy's winter on the trap-line, its cold and wet and loneliness, the discouragement of empty traps, and the high elation of a successful hunt.

Highly recommended as a boy's book and, to be quite frank, a lot of very old boys will enjoy a story that presents to their sons and grandsons the mystery of our northern forests in so realistic a manner. P.E.P.

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The British standard of spelling is adopted substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1936.

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by CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (See article on page 284)

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Edmonton

by A. B. WATT

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE for the Arctic Ocean, the musk-ox, and anything else one may seek under guidance of the Pole-star." Thus was Edmonton described fifty years ago by Elliott Coues, American editor of the *Journal* in which the younger Alexander Henry told of journeys between 1799 and 1814—journeys which on several occasions took him to the site of the present capital of Alberta. Edmonton is still the gateway to the North, but it is no longer the remote and forbidding North of the time of Alexander Henry or Elliott Coues.

For more than thirty years a railway has tapped the rich Peace River country to the northwest, and another, running northeast, has linked Edmonton with the Mackenzie River system, where steamship transportation is available to the Arctic Ocean. Construction of these railways has led to intensive development of the country north of Edmonton, upon which is based, in large

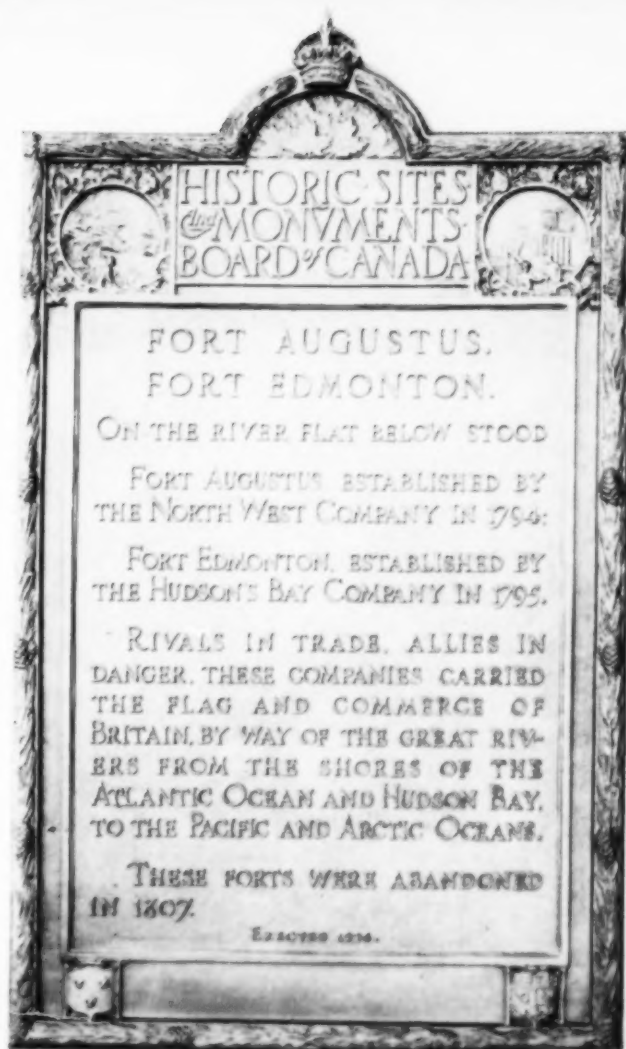
degree, the city's hopes of future growth. That development has been greatly accelerated by the use of aeroplanes since the first great war and continues at the present time. Riches in mineral wealth, unguessed by dog-train travellers, have been uncovered, and a new national and economic significance has been given to the Great North.

World War II brought even more astonishing changes. Work on an airway northwest to Alaska had been initiated by the Dominion Government just prior to its outbreak. This airway was opened for traffic in September, 1941, and the fact that it was available led to the selection of the same route for the Alaska Highway. Airway and highway have ended the isolation of that part of the Dominion, and Edmonton has become the "crossroads of the world" instead of merely the "gateway" to a mysterious and largely unpeopled Northland. Even its own citizens had little appreciation



of the far-reaching significance of this fact until Wendell Willkie, Henry W. Wallace, Russian Foreign Commissar Molotov, and others, spent the night there *en route* to or from opposite sides of the world. Such has been the transformation in Edmonton's relationship to what used to be known as the "outside", since the days when many who are still alive spent long weeks in travelling over the prairie by Red River cart or by Saskatchewan river-boat from Winnipeg. In that time a remote little community of a few hundred souls has developed into a modern city of well over a hundred thousand people. It was at the beginning of this century that Edmonton really began to emerge from its isolation, and the years ahead give promise of still more rapid development.

Edmonton's history reaches back into the very early days of the Great West. Its beginnings were at a spot a little more than twenty miles down the Saskatchewan River from its present location. Here by the roadside is a cairn erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada the inscription on which is shown in our photograph (right):





LAWRENCE JOHNSTON BURPEE

LL.D., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C., F.C.G.S.

THE DEATH of Dr. Lawrence Burpee on October 14th has brought to an end the life work of a great Canadian. He had left Canada on a final mission a few days earlier and after a flight across the Atlantic was visiting his daughter at Christ Church, Oxford.

Dr. Burpee was President of the United Polish Relief Fund and Honorary Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian United Allied Relief Fund, and was on his way to the Continent to study the administration of relief in the Allied countries. He died in harness, at the age of seventy-three, with a life of accomplishment behind him.

There are few men who have made a more lasting imprint upon our day and generation than Lawrence Burpee, husband and father, churchman, scholar, author and public servant. His personality lives in the memories of his family and is the priceless inheritance of his children and his children's children. His genius for friendship will long be cherished for he had a gift for fellowship. His writings will endure as long as Canadians are interested in our storied past.

It is given to few men to play so large a part in so many organized activities. Mention may here be made of not more than three or four, selecting from an amazingly extended list those which seem to stand out as specially important.

The readers of this journal are familiar with the part played by Dr. Burpee in the Canadian Geographical Society. One of its founders, its first secretary, the first editor of its journal, and an active director, the Society will long bear the imprint of his handiwork. The Royal Society of Canada owes much to his long service. In war-torn Europe, in Holland, in Belgium, in France and above all in his beloved Poland, there are men, women and children whose survival is due to the Canadian United Allied Relief Fund, and only his closest associates are aware of the contribution he made to that movement.

Lawrence Burpee's name will be associated for all time with the International Joint Commission. It was his main work and he was Canadian secretary from the outset. With a changing personnel both among the commissioners and the United States secretaries, Dr. Burpee became the repository of the Commission's traditions and procedures. His position was unique. As a geographer and historian, his knowledge of the background of the problems with which the Commission was concerned was invaluable. His personal integrity, the depth and breadth of his culture and his fairmindedness bred confidence in his judgment; and his advice was sought by commissioners and counsel appearing before the Commission regardless of their national affiliations. No other agency engaged in the settlement of international questions in accordance with the principles of justice has a prouder record of accomplishment than the International Joint Commission and no man has made a finer contribution to that record.

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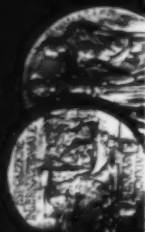
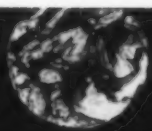
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edited by W. J. TURNER
(Collins, Toronto, 1945, \$5)

Here is an enchanting book, or rather collection of books, some at least of its six sections having already appeared as single volumes of the *Britain in Pictures* series. There is a particular felicity in the choice of authors, each of whom is endowed with an expert knowledge and love of "this all-preserving island", as Emerson called it. Thus Edmund Blunden brings a poetic vision and language to his too-brief chapters on English villages; Victoria Sackville-West writes with competence and a charming humour on the history and architecture of the English country house; English cities and towns are the subject of a masterly survey by John Betjeman; ports and harbours are critically appraised by Leo Walmsley and Dr. Harry Roberts writes from his long experience of English gardens. Nor should one forget the English inn, which Thomas Burke describes in an alluring manner. As Mr. Burke



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